National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

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THE SOUTH.

THE NEW REBELLION IN TEXAS.

LETTER FROM AN ARMY OFFICER.

THE REBELS ORGANIZING IN REGIMENTS—ATTEMPTED MURDER OF AN OFFICER AND HIS WIFE.

Special Despatch to the Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, October 22d, 1868.

THE following extract from a letter just received from one of the principal officers on duty in Texas, gives a good idea of the new rebellion in that State. He writes:

"The northeastern part of the State especially seems to be in a deplorable condition. My adjutant, under date of September 21st, writes that alarming news has been received at his post within the last week, to the effect that in Cooke, Fannin, Grayson, Tannant, Parker and other counties in that neighborhood, the rebels are organizing regiments, pretending that it is by authority of Gen. Reynolds and other commanders, and ostensibly to protect themselves against the Indians, but really to drive out all the United States troops and Union men in the Southern section of the State. It is also reported that a man named Scarian is raising two hundred and fifty men for the same purpose at Montayne. The Colonel commanding has, by proclamation, forbidden the organization of men in this section.

"Among the men named as leaders in this movement is Ex-Gov. Throckmorton.

"One of the Captains of the Sixth infantry and his wife were fired at by bushwhackers at the Sulphur Springs, while sitting on the piazza of their boarding-house, but both escaped unhurt.

"So much for the quiet, peace, and harmony in Northern Texas."

THE BANDS OF REBEL ROBBERS IN VAN ZANT COUNTY, TEXAS.

Judge A. B. Norton officially reports to Gov. Pease as follows:

At Canton is the Union settlement. There are a few rebels there who act in concert with the Saline desperadoes, giving information, etc. Several negroes have been shot, beaten, and killed by these lawless characters, and upon this class of unfortunates the abuse is great. It is reported that very many of the negro women at the Saline have been ravished and beaten in a most shameful manner. Their grievances are great. West of Canton fifteen miles is Prainsville, around which place there is nearly as bad a set as around the Saline. Twenty miles northeast is Cedar Grove, another very bad place, where many outrages have been committed. That locality is entirely disloyal, and there Bickerstaff and his gang have frequently quartered. In prairies in that portion of the country, I have been informed by two credible men, that frequently of late, on moonlight nights, from 200 to 300 men have been drilling for several hours on horseback, and well armed. They swear they are preparing to fight if they are not allowed to vote at the Presidential election, and in holding public meetings their speakers make this bold avowal. The Assessors of Kaufman and Van Zandt have been threatened and forced from their work, and the Sheriffs of those counties are utterly powerless by reason of the general hostility of the people. The following is a statement of the citizens:

Major-Gen. Reynolds, Commanding Fifth Military District, Austin.

GENERAL: The undersigned, citizens of Van Zandt County, Texas, beg leave to make a statement of the condition of affairs in this portion of your district at this time. We congratulated ourselves upon your promotion to the command of this Department, and hoped that before this the salutary effect of the appointment would be manifest throughout the country. We yet have faith that good will come from the change. For the past two months acts of violence and lawlessness have been frequent throughout this country; desperate characters have been traversing the land; assaulting and threatening the peaceable and unoffending citizens, beating, shooting at, wounding and killing freedmen and Union men. In this and adjoining counties Union men have been notified to leave their homes, taken out and whipped and left tied to a tree, or driven off. Mail riders of the United States have been attacked while on the road, in some cases forced from their horses and beaten over the head with revolvers and left for dead. Carriers have been frightened and driven from the service, and our mail arrangements broken up. The private citizens have been interfered with in their daily occupation, and in some instances driven to the brush, and in others compelled to neglect their business and leave their homes. The Treasurer of our county, Fayette Sumner, who was compelled to leave the country during the war, on account of his Unionism, and who served during the war in the 4th Kansas Cavalry in the Federal service, recently had his store at Jordon Saline, broken into, the clerk taken out and abused, and then after robbing the store of money and other valuables burned the same to the ground, the whole being a loss of almost everything Mr. Sumner had. Ten or fifteen desperadoes came from Jordan Saline to Canton armed to the teeth, and assaulted and abused W. R. Moore, one of our oldest and best citizens, presenting their six shooters cocked at his head, and threatening to kill him; and it was only by entreaty of some of their friends, and alarm given to the Union men, who promptly rallied, that his life was saved. Messages had been sent by Bickerstaff and other desperadoes, threatening to burn down our county-seat, and in consequence we have for the past six weeks been compelled to leave our homes and guard at night. The cost and interference with our business we cannot longer endure. We instance these things from other events, that you may form some idea of the terrible condition of affairs here. Unless we can receive some protection to our persons and property, and be permitted to remain quietly at our homes, we must take our families and leave the country. Respectfully submitted:

F. M. Hobbs, County Judge; John P. Carter, Clerk County Court; William Wages, Clerk District Court, Van Zandt Co.; McD. Moore, Assessor and Collector; M. L. Sumner, County Treasurer; J. S. Meeks, Sheriff; Horace Welch, Postmaster, and others.

THE KU-KLUX-KLAN IN TEXAS.

THE UNITED STATES TROOPS FOILED BY "NIGGER-KILLING BAKER'S" BANDITS.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 2d.—*The Post* has a letter from Marshall, Texas, saying that murder, robbery, and outrage are rife in that region, the sufferers being, in nearly every instance, freedmen. The civil magistrates are described as inert and negligent, and it is said that the people actually boast that no man was ever hanged in their neighborhood for murder. In North-eastern Texas, comprising the Counties of Fannin, Lamar, Red River, Bowie, Hunt, Hopkins, Titus, and Davis, are two or three gangs of desperadoes, well armed and under discipline, commanded by two men, one named Baker and the other named Bickerstaff. These men boast that they belonged to the Rebel army, and have never surrendered and never intend to. They roam the country at large, levying contributions on all, but preferring the Yankees, of course. Bickerstaff has gone so far as to capture trains with government supplies, and had the impudence to send the quartermaster a written receipt for said supplies. The present military commander, Gen. J. J. Reynolds, has offered a reward of $1,000 each for the arrest of the bandits, but they have the whole country under subjugation. Nearly every man, woman, and child in these unrepentant rebel counties is a vociferous supporter of Seymour and Blair. The news from Vermont was a damper upon them, and the later news from Maine was a crusher.

The Post's correspondent describes an encounter with Baker's bandits, as follows: In passing through Davis County I found society in a chaotic state. Cullen Baker is the chief of the most powerful band of desperadoes in the land; well organized and armed in open defiance of all law, both civil and military. He rules the country for miles with the double-barreled shot-gun and revolver. He takes delight in styling himself "the G—d d—d nigger-killing Baker." Citizens, white and black, fear to utter his name, and members of his own band tremble with fear in his presence. Dropping his past history up to a few months ago, he killed a white man in his own yard and in presence of his own family for no other provocation than a single remark in regard to Baker's love for whiskey. He killed a negro about six weeks ago while quietly working in Mr. Crawford's field, emptying his double-barreled shot-gun and two revolvers in his body, then whipped the murdered man's wife and forced her to leave her home. A short time ago he hanged four negroes. In passing through the country I learned a great deal about the character and previous history of this desperate man. On reaching Boston I communicated to Kirkman the object of my visit and what I had learned about Cullen Baker. Mr. Kirkman then told me that he had some complaints against Baker on file in his office, and thought it his duty to arrest Baker. I asked him for his plan, whereupon he proposed to leave the infantry—one sergeant and six men—to guard the town of Boston, and take the three cavalrymen under his command, fall upon Baker unawares, and capture him without difficulty. I then laid before Mr. Kirkman the absurdity of attempting with so small a squad the capture of such a man as Baker, always on the alert, with a powerful band of desperadoes to aid him, and advised him by all means to make application to the commander of the post at Mount Pleasant for a sufficient number of troops to insure success in the event of meeting with Baker. My advice had no effect upon him, and he accordingly set out at two o'clock a. m., July 23d, intending to visit the home of Cullen Baker and take him by surprise.

I accepted an invitation to accompany him. A little after daylight the little squad crossed the Sulphur River at Pettis Ferry, on the direct road from Boston to Jefferson. Thence Mr. Kirkman moved eastward toward the north-eastern portion of the county of Davis. He proceeded about seven miles from the ferry, when he halted at the house of Wm. Crawford, upon whose place Baker had killed a freedman a few weeks before. His intentions for stopping at this place were to gain information in regard to said Baker. Crawford and his two sons are members of Baker's band through fear, and would gladly see him killed. The old man told Kirkman confidentially, that he had better go back and get a much larger force, as it would be madness to attempt Baker's arrest with less than twenty-five men; that Baker was at the head of a powerful band of ruffians, and would die rather than be taken. Mr. Kirkman determined to lie in concealment in Crawford's house till night, and then move on to Baker's house—not suspecting that Baker knew every step that he had taken since he crossed the Sulphur. Baker has the most perfect system of communication, and no man can enter his dominion without his knowledge. Baker had been laying in concealment in Crawford's corn-field several hours, and at 5 o'clock p. m. Crawford informed Mr. Kirkman that Baker, mounted and armed, was upon the road. Mr. Kirkman made chase, and proceeded as far as the home of Rollins, Baker's right bower. Meeting with no one, he returned in the night. Mr. Crawford informed him that Baker came up in the rear of his house not ten minutes after he had started after him. Mr. Kirkman remained all night at Mr. Crawfords's home, and started for his station at Boston at sunrise on the 25th. Mr. Kirkman had proceeded two miles beyond the Sulphur, when Baker and his band attacked the party. The corporal was in the rear when Baker halted him and ordered him to surrender, otherwise he was a dead man. The corporal at once bounded behind a tree and gave the alarm. Mr. Kirkman and the two soldiers returned and took position across the road. I rode up between the two trees and asked Baker who he was. He answered that his name was Johnson, and that he wanted to settle this thing right here. Kirkman ordered him to drop his arms and surrender. He then said that we might take him for a G—d d—d fool, but that he had men in the bushes. At the same time Kirkman ordered the men to surround and take the man, but the man on the left of the road reported a number of men on the right of the road, and the corporal reported that he saw three pass across the road, when suspicious of foul play, the party retreated, and Baker and party opened fire. No one was hurt, and Kirkman and party moved on to Boston, expecting Baker and band to follow. When he arrived at Boston he put the troops in readiness for a fight in the town. I was in my room in the hotel changing my clothes, when I saw Kirkman with eleven men cross Court square to attack Baker in the Boston Saloon, having received information that Baker was in town. Before I got out of the hotel the fight was almost over. Kirkman drew up his men in front of the saloon. Baker aimed at him, but, jumping out of the way, Albert E. Titus received the contents of Baker's gun in the body; eleven buckshot entered his breast, near the heart; and five lodged in his musket. No other soldier was injured. Baker, who was severely wounded in the arm, got out of the saloon, mounted his horse, and rode away.

OFFICIAL RFPORT FROM SULPHUR SPRINGS, TEXAS.

Lieut. C. F. Morse reports as follows, dating at Sulphur Springs, Texas, Sept. 8th:

"I arrived here Aug. 9th; nothing occurred till the 14th, when I sent a detail into the country about four miles, to investigate the whipping of a negro woman, who was whipped because she worked for a 'Union man.' When my detail was returning to the post it was fired on from the brush, and two soldiers and a negro who was acting as guide, were killed; the town was surrounded by 'bushwhackers,' and I sent no more details out, as my command was too small to risk the men fighting with a greater force, and in the brush. On the 27th of August, a negro who had sought refuge at the Post was shot in cold blood by one of the desperadoes riding through town, who escaped into the woods by having a fleet horse, and immediately riding into the woods with which the town is surrounded. As soon as the murder was committed I ordered the armed citizens to be disarmed, and in executing my orders a citizen named John Grison was shot by one of the patrols as he was drawing his pistol to fight, after having positively refused to give up his arms. On the 31st of August, a warrant was issued by the Chief-Justice, or County Judge of the county, for the arrest of Private Harrison Wood, Company H, 6th U. S. Cavalry, who killed Mr. Grison. I refused to give Private Wood up to the civil authorities, and had a warrant issued for the arrest of the persons who murdered the soldiers on the 14th of August. That evening (31st ult.), two desperadoes rode through the town and attempted to murder me, firing two shots at me as I was sitting in front of my quarters; they were fired on by my men, but, I think, escaped. The Deputy Sheriff served the writ on Favier and some of his men—Bickerstaff, Wm. Witters, Joseph Witters, James Grison, and Joseph Thompson, but was not permitted to read the writ. Favier, who has taken the place of Bickerstaff in the county, being in command of twenty or thirty armed (men) outlaws went on the 21st inst. and forced the County Judge to issue a writ for the arrest of private Wood and myself, and on the 3d inst, collected several hundred men to execute the writ, deceiving many with the report that it was a lawful one. I do not know how many men Favier had, but it was reported to me by citizens to be from 300 to 500. He sent word to me several times to surrender, or he would attack me, and finally said he would withdraw his men if I would give up private Wood and Mr. Easley, the President of the Board of Registration, in this county; this I refused to do, and after a few more threats and demonstrations of attack, the gang of outlaws, at the instigation of some of the influential citizens of the town, began to disperse. On the 4th inst., Lieut. Vernon, 4th U. S. Cavalry, arrived with his detail, and most of the men of Pilot Grove, under command of Lieut. Sams; and I immediately sent a detachment of fifty men, under Lieut. Schreyer, to capture Favier and his gang. They visited Favier's house, and captured five horses and a great many mules, but all the desperadoes escaped by taking to the woods. I think that nearly all their guns were captured, and since that time all has been quiet, though we hear of small parties of armed men in different parts of the county.

GEORGIA.

The Tribune's Atlanta correspondence, dated Oct. 17th, says:

"Reports of new outrages reach us here every day. I have obtained the following particulars of the murder of the colored man Walker, whose death was reported to you by telegraph. He had been sent into Baker County by the Republican State Committee to make speeches, and, having arrived there, quietly went to the house of another colored man, Friar by name, to remain over night. During the night the Ku-Klux visited the house and demanded Walker's surrender, threatening that if he was not given up they would blow the house to atoms. He gave himself up, and the next morning his dead body was found by the roadside, about a mile away. No inquest was ever held over the body, which was buried where it was found; and after waiting a week or more the Sheriff reported to the Governor that a body had been found which was supposed to be that of one Walker, a colored man. The Governor offered $5,000 reward for the apprehension of the murderers, and the chivalous Southerners who lounge around hotels here have amused themselves by repeated volleys of oaths about the 'wicked expenditure of the white people's money in offering five times as much for the apprehension of his murderers as the nigger was ever worth when he was alive.' Friar, with whom Walker was dwelling, is now reported missing. Nothing has been done toward the apprehension of the ruffians who were engaged in the Camilla massacre. The sheriff and other officers, knowing that they are in fault, do not dare bring action against the Republicans, Murphy and Pierce. In Columbia County Court, the Ordinary (corresponding to your Judge of Probate), who had been elected by the Republicans, was taken from his office by a mob, who said that they were the Grand Jury, and threatened with immediate hanging if he did not resign his office and leave the county, the ruffians telling him that the people had determined that no man elected by negro votes should hold office there. I have seen gentlemen and private letters from Jackson County, and all agree in reporting that both white and colored men are arming. Large parties of armed white men are roving through the districts of Newton and Harmony Grove, halting every colored man whom they meet and threatening to kill him on the spot if he does not sign what they call 'An Association of Peace Between the Blacks and Whites,' and which is nothing more than an agreement that the negro shall vote the Seymour ticket. If he signs, he is warned that if he fails to carry out his part of the agreement he will be hanged to the first tree he comes to after the election is over; if he refuses, he is either killed on the spot or driven out of the country. We hear similar reports from Warren, Wilks, Elbert, Houston, Stewart and Baker Counties The Rebel Legislature having failed to provide any laws to protect the loyal people and having refused to call upon troops to preserve order, the Union men here are left entirely powerless and have only to wait for Congress to come to their relief.

THE WALKER MURDER—PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.

GEORGTOWN, GA., Oct. 16th.—I don't sign this because I have no fondness for the greedy embrace of the midnight assassin. The man who advocates the election of Gen. Grant in this country publicly, must take his life in his hand, with the chances ten to one that he loses it. We live under a reign of terror. Bribery, intimidation, murder, make up the programme. No man with you knows or could believe the half. Grant is the only man that can "let us have peace." I am a native Southerner. I inclose Gov. Bullock's proclamation, offering a reward for the apprension and conviction of the murderers of Wm. T. Walker.

PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 9th, 1868.

Whereas, John T. Green, Sheriff of Early County, has reported to this department, under date 6th October, instant, that the dead body of a negro man was found one-and-a-half miles from Blakely, in this State, near the road leading from Blakely to Fort Gaines, and that, from marks on the body, the man must have come to his death by violence, at the hands of some person or persons unknown, and that the said body was identified as that of William T. Walker of Atlanta, Ga. *And whereas*, The said Sheriff further reports that the said Walker stopped at the house of Charles Fryer on the Friday night previous to the finding of the dead body; that some time during the said Friday night, some person or persons, to the said Fryer unknown, came to his house and called for said Walker, stating in his hearing "that they had been following him (the said Walker) for several days, and that they now came up with him;" the said Walker was then taken away by the said unknown person or persons. *And whereas*, it is further reported to this Department, through other sources, that the said Walker was a public speaker, engaged and employed by the Executive Committee of the Republican party, and that he was sent to Early County by the said Committee for the purpose of holding public meetings and delivering speeches in the interest of the said party; and *whereas*, Threats have been make against the life of said Walker to intimidate him from engaging in said public speaking; and *whereas*, The said Sheriff reports that he has used every means in his power for the discovery of the perpetrators of the deed, or of evidence which would lead to their discovery, but without avail; now, therefore, I, Rufus B. Bullock, Governor of this State, and Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, and of the militia thereof, do issue this my Proclamation, offering a reward of $5,000 for the apprehension and conviction of the person or persons engaged in the murder of the said William Walker.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State, at the Capitol, in the City of Atlanta, this tenth day of October, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight and of the Independence of the United States the ninety-third.

RUFUS B. BULLOCK, Governor.

PERSECUTION OF AN EDITOR IN GEORGIA.

J. Clarke Swayze, editor of *The Macon Union*, has long been fighting an uneven fight with the rebels of that section. These, rebels, having either bought off or frightened away his compositors so that he was compelled to reduce the size of his paper, that he may be able to do all the work upon it himself, he thus salutes his enemies:

"In the last month or two the Democracy of Macon have left no stone unturned that the turning would injure us, or tend to force *The American Union* to abandon its chosen field, or sink it into oblivion. It has been successful this far: It has forced us to the wall; it has stripped us of the last assistant and left us upon our own resources. Now we strip for the fray—like the soldier when he goes into battle—we carry no surplus weight. We renew the contest single-handed, but with redoubled determination. We *can* publish *The American Union* in Macon, and our friends and patrons are patriotic enough to sustain us in the effort; so that nothing now but the assassin shall hinder us."

REIGN OF VIOLENCE IN LOUSIANA.

From The New Orleans Republican, Oct. 6th.

When Gov. Warmoth, in an official letter to the President, called the attention of the country to the lawless condition of society in our State, when he stated that 150 murders had been committed within a short space of time, the Democratic press became highly indignant. The Governor was accused of falsehood and misrepresentation for political purposes. Confident that investigation would fully confirm the statement, the administration has made no reply to these frequent onslaughts. The "report of the joint committee of the General Assembly of Louisiana on the conduct of the late elections and the condition of peace and order in the State" is before us. The facts laid bare by this committee not only sustain Gov. Warmoth's statements, but exhibit a condition of society in the rural districts of Lousiana scarcely suggested by the letter to the President. Not 150, but 204 murders are reported. Many of the facts elicited by this investigation were obtained through the Freedman's Bureau, being official statements of officers of high rank in the army. The report proper is quite brief. Remarking the source of information open to the Committee, it calls attention to the difficulty it had of procuring the testimony of persons cognizant of cases of outrage and murder in different parts of the State. "The reluctance of these persons to testify has arisen from the danger which they assert—and which the Committee believes to exist—of violence to their persons and property, and even of the loss of their lives, from the vengeance and anger of lawless and disloyal persons in their respective neighborhoods." After admitting the incompleteness of their report the Committee proceeds to say: "Humanity sickens at the contemplation of a bigotry so ferocious and a hate so remorseless, founded solely on political differences, and having for its impelling motive, not resistance to oppression, but an unruly desire to coerce the sentiments and actions of others, and a blind feeling of rage and vengeance toward those whom they cannot cow nor silence. It is the mature conclusion of your committee, founded on the testimony before them, that the state of lawlessness and unpunished crime prevalent in this State is chargeable, not alone to the desperate and infamous characters who are its immediate agents, but to the apathy and silent connivance of that large and respectable class of the people of the State who, while they would scorn personally to commit any of these violent acts, if they do not actually sympathise with their perpetrators, at least refrain studiously from any efforts to restrain or bring them to justice, and are therefore justly liable to the indictment of the peace-loving portion of the community for the offence of permitting such miscreants to roam at large unpunished. Much of the lawlessness is also due to the neglect of the officers of the law."

The Committe commends the passage of proper laws, and thanks Major-Gen. O. O. Howard and Brevet Major-Gen. Edward Hatch for important assistance. Scarcely had this important document, with its unanswerable array of facts been printed, when the Democratic journals of our city began their accustomed cry of injured innocence. The report is declared "a campaign document." We confess to the opinion of *The Crescent*. It is a powerful campaign document, but not in the sense in which they use the phrase. The Committee simply performed a duty charged upon them by the Assembly, in an impartial manner. But this, as any other verified statement of the condition of affairs in the South, must necessarily be an effective campaign document. The political issue before the country to-day is the right or wrong of Reconstruction. Whatever clearly makes known to the people of the North that state of society which demanded, and whose continuance the more fully justifies, the measures adopted by Congress, must be valuable to that party whose victory, in the election of Grant, will forever disthrone this reign of violence.

A SHERIFF AND A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE KILLED IN LOUISIANA.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 22d.—Robert Gray, Justice of the Peace of Caddo Parish, was assassinated on the 14th inst., and Bernard Saulet, Sheriff of Iberville, was murdered on the night of the 19th inst., while in bed with his wife. An eye-witness of the recent outrages at Franklin, says that on the night of the 17th inst., Judge Chase, formerly of the Ohio Legislature, and Col. Pope, Sheriff, late commander of the 23d Illinois volunters, were sitting, at half-past eight o'clock, on the rear balcony of their hotel, when a band of ruffians rushed upon them and shot Col. Pope. In the struggle that followed, Judge Chase escaped to the street, but was speedily shot and stabbed. The citizens refused to allow coffins to be made for them, and treated their remains with barbarous indignities. A company of Seymour Knights stood in line near the hotel where this occurred.

SHERIFF POPE'S BODY IN NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 21st.—Col. Henry H. Pope, ex-United States officer and Republican Sheriff of the Parish St. Mary's, was murdered at O'Neill's Hotel, in Franklin, on the evening of the 17th inst., by a mob of disguised white men. On the same night Valentine Chase, Republican Parish Judge, was murdered, and his body was found next morning in the street in Franklin. Col. Pope's body arrived in New Orleans on the evening of the 18th, and was honored to-day with an imposing funeral. The procession to the boat contained Gov. Warmoth, and Gens. Rousseau, Buchanan, Hatch, and staffs, and many prominent Republicans. Mrs. Pope embarked with her husband's body, for Illinois. Sheriff Pope was formerly Colonel of the 23d Illinois Regiment, not of the 29th, as erroneously reported.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE ST. LANDRY RIOT.

From The New-Orleans Republican, Oct. 7th.

FOR some time previous to the outbreak a feeling of intense antagonism had existed all through the parish between the Democrats and Republicans, the latter being chiefly colored, and the former entirely white. In accordance with the advice of the more wise and moderate men of both parties, an agreement was entered into by the officers of the respective parish clubs, and ratified by the parties generally, that in all cases of personal difficulty the dispute should be at once referred to the civil authorities, each pledging the other to endeavor to procure a fair trial. In consequence of a report of a political meeting held at Washington, six miles from Opelousas, which was published in *The Progress*, about a dozen or fifteen hot-headed young men took it upon themselves to compel the editor, Mr. Bently, to sign a retraction. For this purpose they visited him at his school, where they committed the outrage of caning him with a rattan, inflicting about thirty blows. At some point during the interview, Bently signed the retraction which had previously been written. The news of the outrage spread rapidly, and produced great excitement. In many places it was reported that Bently had been killed; in others the addition was made that one of his pupils had also been killed. A member of the Republican party indiscreetly declared in Opelousas that the treaty or agreement between the two parties had been broken by this outrage on Bently, and advised calling in the people from the plantations to redress the wrongs of their school-teacher and to be prepared to defend themselves. The call was sent out and responded to with some alacrity, but the whites soon heard of it, and at once resolved to put a stop to the rising. The plan pursued was to attack the parties of colored men coming into town in detail and disarm them. In doing this they met with some resistance, which led to fighting, with the advantage invariably in favor of the whites. The freedmen, after having been overpowered, were brought in and locked up, but there appears to be no authenticated case of killing after resistance had ceased. The young men who were responsible for the outbreak were arrested on a warrant and bound over for trial. In all, it is believed that twenty or thirty freedmen were killed; in the parish in and near the town there were not more than two or three killed. A few white men were wounded, but none killed.

ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF A LOYAL LEAGUE IN ALABAMA.

—, ALA., Oct. 16th.—Inclosed find copies of official report of the assassination of the President of a Loyal League. Enoch Brown (colored), in a quarrel over a hen, stabbed but not dangerously wounded, Brown Richardson (white), in self-defense, according to his own story—the only testimony on his committal at the Circuit; whereupon a party of white men went to the house of Benjamin Brown (known as Yankee Ben.), an inoffensive colored man, but, unfortunately, President of a Loyal League on Dr. Chattean's plantation. The gang went under pretense of searching for Enoch (who could not have been there), and after they had driven Ben. from his house through the chimney, deliberately, and without any mistake about Ben.'s identity, they shot him down in his own yard, piercing him with eleven balls. Ten murders have been committed within a radius of ten miles of this office since July, and but one arrest has been made, and that was in the case of one colored man killing another colored man. The others were cases in which colored men were wantonly shot by white men without any effort at concealment.

THE DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE OF ASSASSINATION IN ALABAMA.

OFFICE OF B. R. F. AND A. L., LIVINGSTON,
October 2d, 1868.

R. A. Wilson, Sub-Assistant Commissioner, Demopolis, Ala.

DEAR SIR: Another shooting and stabbing affair occurred one mile below Sumterville this morning two hours before day. (This is testimony from colored men). Brown Richardson (white) was stabbed on the 1st of October, twice by Enoch Brown (colored). He lies in a critical state. People came to see him during the night, and hunted for Enoch who they expected at Dr. Chattau's plantation, near to which the colored folks keep a Grant and Colfax Club. A negro (know him myself), very polite and inoffensive, Ben. Brown, President of the club, or, as some call him, Dutch Ben, answered their call, and about 4 o'clock this morning they shot and killed him. I have sent for more particulars to Dr. Chattau, and to Bennett B. Thomas, Justice o the Peace, requesting him to investigate the case and make the necessary arrests. Shall report them as soon as received. For the last ten or twelve days such occurrences and bad settlements are daily.

Very respectfully.

JOHN L. STELZIG, B. R. F. and A. L.

OFFICE B. R. F. AND A. L., LIVINGSTON,
October 8th, 1868.

R. A. Wilson, Sub-Assistant Commissioner.

DEAR SIR: On the 6th, one negro, Blount Collins, was attacked by six ruffians on the road going home from Sumterville, having delivered a message from the County Solicitor to our coroner. One man, —— Davis, struck him with the gun across his head, inflicting a large cut. We went to the County Judge and took out a warrant for assault with a gun with intent to kill. Respectfully yours,

JNO. L. STELZIG, Agent B. R. F. and A. L.

OFFICE B. R. F. AND A. L., LIVINGSTON,
October 8th, 1868.

R. A. Wilson, Sub-Assistant Commissoner, Demopolis, Ala.

DEAR SIR: The Coroner returned from Lumberville on the 7th inst., in the morning. I looked over the papers of his post-mortem examination. Dr. J. A. Godfrey, examining physician, reports as follows: eleven gunshot wounds, nine of which are over the shoulder-blade and two in the back of the neck; the wounds are upward and forward, of sufficient number and penetration to cause instant death. An examination by B. B. Thomas, as Coroner, had been held Monday morning, but the Coroner held one himself, and had the body buried himself. Dr. Chattau nor any of the witnesses could swear who the murderer is, or whether they were black or white people who came to his house that night. His wife and mother, living in the same house, swore contrary to each other.

Very respectfully, JOHN L. GLITZIG.

COLORED PREACHER SHOT IN HIS PULPIT.

An ex-member of the Georgia Legislature, who was a Colonel in the Rebel army, but who now subscribes himself "a disgusted Democrat," writes from Hawkinsville, Ga., under date of Sept. 21st, as follows:

"No longer ago than last night, a colored preacher was shot in the pulpit in the suburbs of this city, while he was engaged in religious services, with his people. Something like a week ago, not far from this place, a negro preacher was beaten so badly returning from church that he died yesterday. The clubs commonly called Grant clubs, among the negroes, are the theatre of a vast number of deaths, the leaders or officers are usually hunted and shot as mere game. I see no relief for the negroes of Georgia, except to remand the State back to the military power. And I cannot see how Congress can do otherwise if the negro members of the Legislature are declared ineligible; for according to that theory, the Constitutional Amendment is not adopted. This much I will tell the country: In Georgia's present condition no fair election can be held within her limits. Thousands of negroes must either vote for Seymour, against their will, or be killed or starved to death. Congress would act wisely to throw Georgia out of the electoral count at the coming election."

APEAL FROM NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA—UNION MEN IN PERIL—THE ADMINISTRATION CANNOT AFFORD RELIEF.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Oct. 22d, 1868.

SEVERAL representative men from North Carolina and Judge Hoge of South Carolina called upon the Secretary of War to-day to make known in a semi-official way the deplorable condition of affairs in certain portions of those States, particularly in the western part of South Carolina. The delegation informed Gen. Schofield that the lives of loyal men are nowhere safe in the localities named, and that the condition of affairs borders on insurrection. They added that there are at least from fifteen to twenty murders of loyal men each day in the western portion of South Carolina alone. Judge Hoge himself witnessed the killing of Randolph, and would himself have been shot had he not walked 25 miles in the night, through a pelting rain to escape. The sheriffs thus far have not made a single arrest, nor will they take any steps to apprehend the murderers of either Randolph or other loyal men. Judge Hoge placed in the hands of the Secretary of War a detailed official report of the condition of affairs in South Carolina, prepared by Gov. Scott. The gentlemen ask assistance from the Secretary of War. The delegation was met with the reply that thus far the rebels had committed only a single murder at a time, and had been careful to violate only State laws calling for the intervention of sheriffs and civil officers, and not of the United States military forces. The Secretary, however, expressed the opinion that in the absence of the State militia, the Governor of the State would be justified in calling upon the United States authorities to aid him in suppressing these outrages, he also at the same time declaring certain counties or sections of the State under martial law. But this should not be

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL

done until the whole power of the State authority has been exhausted. That failing, loyal lives must be saved at all hazards. It will be some consolation to loyal men to know that the Rebel Democrats who instigate these murders in order to frighten loyal men from the polls, and who may possibly succeed in electing themselves to Congress, will never be admitted to seats in that body. The interview was satisfactory to the delegation, and the gentlemen were gratified to find at least one member of Mr. Johnson's Cabinet in full sympathy with Congress and the loyal party of the country. The Secretary has not the shadow of a doubt that Gen. Grant will be the next President, and that after the 4th of March next Frank Blair, as a private citizen, will have no more power to stir up insurrection in the South than the most insignificant creature in the land. The following is only a partial list of the murders and outrages that have been committed in South Carolina within a short time:

Sampson James, colored, shot in Marion County.
Dank Jones, colored, shot by Willis Crafts. Abbeville.
Jeff. Buchanan, colored, shot by Wm. Talbot. Abbeville.
George Mathews, colored, shot by Jesse Hutchinson. Abbeville.
Alfred Ellis, colored, shot by Lee Russell. Abbeville.
Henry Shird, colored, shot by Deunis Stacy. Abbeville.
Wylie Jones, colored, shot by unknown white. Abbeville.
Andrew Wilson, colored, shot by unknown, white. Abbeville.
Willis Jones, colored, shot by Davis Stacy. Abbeville.
James Martin, white, shot by three unknown whites Abbeville.
——Johnson, colored, shot by unknown. Newberry.
Lee Nance, colored, shot by unknown. Newbery.
One killed and one wounded, names unknown.
Cornell, white, and one colored man, unknown. Abbeville.
The Hon. B. F. Randolph, colored, shot by three whites. Abbeville.
Elsia Boodiford, colored, shot by Windham Darlington.
Wm. Bradly, colored, wounded by white man. Abbeville.
Daniel Brooks, colored, one hundred lashes. Abbeville.
Isaac Black, colored, shot dead. Abbeville.
Thomas Carter, colored, whipped badly. Abbeville.
Joseph Hollenbach, whipped and wounded. Abbeville.
Nelson Freedman, whipped badly. Abbeville.
Three colored men in Abbeville killed. Their bodies found, but names unknown.—*Washington Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1868.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

We have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for The Standard a life-like, beautifully finished, medium sized photograph of Wendell Phillips, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

THE SOUTH.

We devote a large portion of our space this week to an account of the murders, outrages, and assassinations now so fearfully prevalent throughout the South.

It is a record which reveals the degree of barbarism which had been generated by the accursed slave system. Vengeance is alike visited upon the blacks, the few native loyal whites, and the Radical "carpet-baggers" from the North. Not only does this frightful record show the real disloyalty and barbarism of the old ruling whites of the South; it demonstrates to how great an extent, as things now are, the North has been, by treachery, and the stupidity, and ill-timed leniency of its so-called "practical" statesmen, defrauded of the fruits of its military victory. The lives of Union men are far less secure to-day than three years ago in Charleston and New Orleans. And they are daily becoming less secure in all parts of the South. Not only are unarmed, landless and dependant blacks murdered by hundreds, but Southern Senators and members of Congress are assassinated with impunity. New Orleans has fallen from the comparatively high plane of civilization to which Butler was permitted temporarily to elevate it, to the low level of a Rousseau, with rebel soldiers recruited in the name of a United States regiment, and an intimidated loyal police supplanted by white Rebel rioters from Seymour and Blair Clubs!

By hopeful expectants it has all along been said "wait till the North has spoken in the October elections, and these things will cease." They not only have been continued, but with increased and increasing boldness and violence. Now it is said wait till after Grant's election, an event likely to occur ere this paper shall reach its more distant readers, then we shall have "peace." We again admonish all such that an abiding peace cannot be achieved except upon the basis of its essential conditions. While Andrew Johnson remains in the White House there will be no security for the Unionists, black or white, of the South. Of the murderous Ku-Klux he is the inspiring chief. We protest against additional foolish waiting for "peace," as a sequence of Grant's election, from November to the fourth of March next. All too long have the colored and white Unionists of the South been kept under the harrow, and largely at the mercy of their most malignant enemies.

Early in November Congress is to reassemble according to the proviso of the last adjournment. We urge that this time it be for business and not for formal adjournment till December, and that its first work be the rearraignment of Johnson, and this time his certain deposition from office. The new Southern Senators and Representatives are, we understand, almost unanimously in favor of impeachment, and disposed to move promptly for its accomplishment. With the Presidential election decided, there will be no longer imagined political objections to the proceeding. It may be urged that Johnson's term of office will soon expire by limitation. We answer that he should be deposed, if it require even till the third of March to effect his removal. Such action is urgently demanded not only to relieve the suspense and great suffering of Southern Unionists at the earliest possible day, but also as a precedent and a warning for protection against unscrupulous usurpers in the future, and for the vindication of the outraged honor and dignity of the nation. If an earnest business session be commenced at the date named in November, the impeachment and deposition of Johnson may easily be an accomplished fact by the tenth of December.

The strong arm and loyal purpose of Wade in the White House from December to March would be a grateful and greatly needed shield to the lacerated and well-nigh prostrate loyal South during the intervening months. Let no untoward influences again postpone or baulk this duty which rests upon the shoulders of the Representatives and Senators of the Fortieth Congress.

The Commanding General, before he can become General-in-Chief, has duties, especially in those portions of the South which are still under military government, which he should promptly perform—which he ought better to have discharged during the months past, in which period the lives of many hundreds of loyal men have been needlessly sacrificed.

The race-hatred of the rebels and rebel sympathizers, should be promptly nullified by Congress by the adoption of a constitutional amendment, guaranteeing to the negro, South and North alike, the possession of the ballot, and the right to hold office. While this is left an open question, South or North, the root of bitterness will continue.

THE STANDARD.

In a private note accompanying a remittance for The Standard, the Rev. N. R. Johnston says: "I am taking nearly a dozen papers, but I cannot drop The Standard. It is the only one that has the true ring—Freedom's." In the same tone of hearty appreciation of the services of The Standard in the cause of impartial freedom are many of the letters we receive from its constituents. We are glad also, with "slavery still in issue," as Mr. Motley says, and therefore a continued and urgent need of a radical, anti-slavery journal, that this year, as the two preceeding, The Standard has held its own and made a uniform gain in its subscription list. We have added to our premium list, as will have been noticed by another announcement, a photograph of Mr. Phillips. A reader of The Standard, to whom this photograph was sent a few days since, writes in acknowledgement: "It is a superb photograph—the most perfect and exquisite thing I have ever seen of the kind." We shall take pleasure in supplying it to those of our friends who renew their subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber, or for two new subscribers (86). We continue to send also as premiums Miss Anna E. Dickinson's "What Answer?"; Mrs. Lydia Maria Child's "Romance of the Republic;" Mrs. C. H. Dall's "College, Market and the Court;" and Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Letters and Lectures." Of Miss Dickinson's book read the deserved and eulogistic tribute from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, which we quote in another column. Mr. Edward M. Davis of Philadelphia, who generously donates his efficient services in acting as our agent in that city, and also the use of his office as a Radical Headquarters, will supply either of the premiums above mentioned to Philadelphia and other Pennsylvania subscribers.

The election of Grant, which we assume will occur on Tuesday next, will of itself do little more than to save us from another outbreak of war, if so much. Only so far as an earnest, radical public opinion shall demand it, will his election, and that of a new Republican Congress, result in guaranteeing freedom and securing justice for the colored race. It is the yet unfulfilled mission of The Standard to so educate and direct public opinion that this righteous demand in behalf of the nominally free, but still oppressed negro shall be urgently and effectively made. We therefore bespeak the co-operation of our friends, that The Standard's influence and usefulness may be by so much augmented, to send us each at least one new subscriber, and as many added thereunto as possible. With only moderate effort on the part of all who are interested in the work to which the paper is devoted, we may easily be enabled to enter upon the year 1869 with double our present subscription list. Who will add one and more?

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The latest returns indicate that the recent election in West Virginia, like those previously held this month in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Nebraska, resulted in a decisive defeat of the Rebel Copperhead party.

The World has again "fallen into line" and now explains its "own audacious manœuvre" as an attempt to hide somewhat from public view the violent and revolutionary tendency of its party. The ostrich failed not more signally in assuming itself out of sight with its head only under the sand.

A Liverpool telegram of Oct. 27th says:

"The Hon. Reverdy Johnson was last night entertained at a banquet given in his honor by Mayor Whitley at the Town Hall. In the course of his speech on the occasion Mr. Johnson remarked that he did not know how the people of the United States would regard his conduct since he had been in England. He was sanguine of their approval, but he would accept censure with a Christian resignation."

We hope Mr. Johnson may be speedily summoned home, and that Republican Senators may never again so stultify themselves, and dishonor the nation as to send to England as a minister—a man whose entire bias is Southern, and was certain to do as he has done, insult the loyal North by hobnobbing with its worst English enemies.

It is effort thrown away by Gen. Kilpatrick and Gov. Hawley to try to bolster up the opponents of Gen. Butler, of whose re-election next Tuesday there is scarcely a doubt. For those Massachusetts "Conservative" Republicans who were prompt to do honor to Fessenden for his criminal treachery by which Johnson's misrule was prolonged, and murders and assassinations are made easy—for such to try to defeat the return of Gen. Butler to the Forty-first Congress is altogether natural. For the *N. Y. Times* and other journals of its class outside of Massachussetts to gratiously lend themselves to the anti-Butler movement is equally natural. They all, we venture to suggest, have less concern about Butler's want of integity, etc., then an eye to the interests of "Conservative" Republicanism in the near future of the conduct of national affairs.

PERSONAL.

The *N. Y. Sun*, in an article on the "Blair Family," says:

"The Blairs are unselfish; every one of them cares as much for either of the others as he does for himself."

William Oland Bourne, editor of the *Soldiers' Friend*, claims the authorship of the famous poem entitled, "Tear Down the Flaunting Lie," which has been generally attributed to the late Charles G. Halpine.

Anna E. Dickinson will deliver a lecture for the benefit of the recently organized Working Women's Association in this city, at the Cooper Institute, on Thursday evening, November 5th.

Sallie Holley will lecture in South Weare, N. H., on Sunday, November 1st. She has recently concluded a very successful series of lectures in Maine, and has made considerable addition to The Standard's subscription list in Portland and other places.

Mr. W. W. Broom is announced to lecture two evenings next week at Yorktown, Westchester Co., N. Y., his subjects being "Temperance" and "Sympathy." Later in the season Mr. Broom will make a lecture tour in New Hampshire and other portions of New England.

Herr Dr. Julius von Fishweiler, an eccentric German physician, recently died, leaving in his will what he considered a secret for increasing the years of our life. His own age was 109, and he attributed it to the fact that he always slept with his head to the north, and the rest of his body as nearly as possible in a meridianal position. By this means, he thought, the iron in his body became magnetized, and thus increased the energy of the vital principle.

The Rev. Henry Bleby arrived in this city last week from England *en route* to the Bahamas, where he will resume the missionary labor with which he has been for a long time, and very usefully connected. He is a steadfast friend of the colored people, whose welfare on the Islands he has done much to promote. He has recently published an interesting account of the Gov. Eyre-Jamaica Massacre, which is a complete vindication of the brave and manly Gordon, whom he personally knew. Mr. Bleby will leave for the Bahamas by next week's steamer.

B. F. Randolph, a colored member of the South Carolina State Senate, who was murdered at Cokesburg, S. C., was about thirty years of age, of fine abilities, and a native of Kentucky. He studied at Oberlin College, taught school at Buffalo, and served in the army as chaplain of the Twenty-sixth Regiment, Colored Volunteers. When his regiment was mustered out of the service, he remained in South Carolina, and labored effectually among the freedmen. During the State Convention last Spring he was Chairman of the Committee on Miscellaneous Business, and had recently been made Chairman of the Republican State Committe.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels whose adopted home is New Orleans will, we understand, remain at the North for a time to secure, to as full an extent as possible, co-operation in a movement, which she officially represents, to provide homesteads for the now landless and dependent colored people. It is her purpose to deliver addresses upon the subject in various localities, in which she will give some account of the present condition and the urgent needs of the nominally free, but still oppressed colored people of the South. Her mission is one which deserves the hearty co-operation of the friends of freedom throughout the North.

Oliver Dyer, in his account of New York life, relates the following incident:

"I wish to mention another incident, which shows an entirely different phase of New York life than any I have mentioned. Old Uncle Zeke is the hero of it—a poor old negro, who lived down in a cellar in Pearl street fifteen years, and made baskets down there by candlelight; because, being a fugitive slave from Kentucky (this was before the great rebellion had broken the bonds of the slave) he was afraid to come out in the daylight, for fear he would be found by some slave-hunter and taken back to servitude. The old fellow used to work down in that cellar and make baskets by candlelight, and his old wife would go out at night and sell them. They were very fearful lest somebody should recognize them and send them back to slavery. It was not long before the old wife found a good friend, who would take all her baskets and keep her secret. One day, on the approach of winter, a friendly gentleman went down to ask Uncle Zeke if he had not better apply to the city for coal. The city distributes a certain amount of coal to poor people every winter. Uncle Zeke—poor old basket-maker as he was—replied: 'What! I ask charity of the city? No, I is an American citizen. I earn my own living.' And there the old fellow worked away. And, when Thanksgiving time came, the same gentleman thought he would try and impose a turkey on old Zeke, in some form or other. He took the turkey himself (he did not dare to send a servant) to old Zeke's cellar; but Uncle Zeke was inexorable. 'I ask no charity,' he said. Finally, the gentleman said: 'I simply wish to leave it with you as a token of my esteem and respect for you; and if, on consideration, you choose, you may pay me for it.' Zeke saw daylight through that; and so he finally accepted the turkey, *out of sympathy for the gentleman*. That poor old basket-maker and his poor old wife survived the riots, and are now able to walk forth in the broad light of day; and Uncle Zeke can make his baskets now in an upper room, with none to molest or to make him afraid."

PENNSYLVANIA MEETINGS.

The Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society announce a series of meetings to be held in Philadelphia and its vicinity, during the second week of December. The Annual Meeting of this Society will be held, in Philadelphia, on Thursday, December 10th. On the evening of that day, the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Festival will be held in Concert Hall, Philadelphia. On Wednesday evening, the 9th of December, Wendell Phillips will deliver his lecture on Daniel O'Connell, in Concert Hall.

In conjunction with the friends of Freedom in Kennett, Westchester, Newtown and Bristol, the Executive Committee expect to hold meetings in those places during the week. The times and places of these meetings will be duly advertised in The Standard.

The present condition of our country, the testimony to the fearful peril of the colored population in the South, which is continually borne by themselves and their friends who witness it, urge us by the strongest motives to work mightily for the consummation of their freedom. The solemn promise of the Nation, sealed by the Constitutional Amendment which declares Slavery illegal, can be fulfilled in good faith only by Constitutional protection of the Ballot in their hands.

This is the present demand of the Abolitionists on behalf of their clients. To this end we labor; to this we are pledged by our early vows; and to accomplish this, the *complete* and *secured freedom* of the American Slave, we call upon all earnest and loyal friends of Freedom to aid us by hearty co-operation and generous gifts of money, according to their ability.

On behalf of the Committee,

Edward M. Davis.
Robert Purvis.
Mary Grew.

We have received from our Philadelphia correspondent an interesting letter, but at so late an hour that we are obliged to defer till next week all but the concluding paragraph:

"It is not too soon to refer to the meetings that will be held in this city and vicinity early in December. The opportunity to hear Mr. Phillips is always a source of real pleasure, and his presence will be a guarantee of their success and useful influence. The good cause should not languish till the hour of the final triumph. The Constitutional guarantee of impartial suffrage is not yet obtained, and until that is an accomplished fact, who can say that our work is complete? The Festival will be an occasion of deep interest and friendly intercourse, and while affording the varied social delights of an evening's entertainment, it may be made a substantial source of help to the cause we seek to promote. We must continue to uphold the hands of those who perform important service, and allow the politicians and legislators no peace until they give peace, protection and the ballot to the black man." W.

MRS. HARPER AT FLORENCE, MASS.

Northampton, Mass., Oct. 20th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper occupied the platform of the Free Congregational Society of Florence last Sunday afternoon; giving to a good audience a lecture on American Civilization. By her race, and sex, she represents the two oppressed classes in this country, namely, the colored people of both sexes, and the American women of all races; while by her native gifts, her character, and acquirements she does honor to human nature.

In her lecture, after touching upon events relating to the discovery of America, the founding of our Republic, and its history to the present time, she went on to show that the colored people of this country possessed physical qualities and mental and moral attributes well adapted to promote and strengthen that high civilization which Americans should seek to attain, and which by a just course, they might realize. The lecturer related some interesting incidents, coming under her own observation, while lecturing in the Southern States, which served to illustrate the views she maintained. In the evening Mrs. Harper recited her new poem *Moses*, which has been favorably noticed by the press, and which well deserves the praise it has received. Seth Hunt.

REASSEMBLING OF THE RADICAL CLUB IN BOSTON.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE STANDARD.

Boston, October 19th, 1868.

For a New Yorker to "assist" at a Brain Party is for a New Yorker to give himself the most extraordinary of Surprise Parties; not that New Yorkers are without brains, but it never occurs to them to take such things to parties. Brains are to make money with, to get the better of men with, to climb political ladders with, to make fame with. This is the meaning of brains in New York, where the chief end of man, woman and child is to coin body and soul into gold; but here in Boston, people actually go about with their brains done up in loose parcels and are ready to give them away to any passer by who may be in need of them. Men and women meet in society and positively talk sense. Women, even young women, are not ashamed to be considered the intellectual peers of their brothers, and to-day I have witnessed the marvellous spectacle of men and women, young and old, meeting together at ten o'clock in the morning for the purpose of abstruse reasoning! Started a year ago, the Radical Club thrives as a green-bay tree, and in the hospitable parlors of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Sargent the gods assemble monthly for the purpose of forging thunderbolts that, sooner or later, are hurled over the American Continent to warn the Republic of its dangers, or to purify the air.

To-day brought the gods together for the first time since the Summer exodus. There were Emerson, John Weiss, Mr. Alcott, D. A. Wasson, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Miss Louisa Alcott, Mrs. Agassiz, and many others known to the world, and after a pleasant gossip that, like a species of intellectual soup, preceded the large joint upon which all were to feast, the host, Mr. John T. Sargent, opened the meeting with a hearty welcome, and hoped that a suggestion to hold their future meetings in a hall, would not be carried out, as such a change would entail expense, beside rendering the reunions less social. As Mr. Sargent retired, Mr. Wasson, the essayist of the day, and one of New Englands cleverest thinkers, took the chair and read an elaborate, well-digested paper upon the elements of true liberty. Believing in the "Scriptures of Politics," Mr. Wasson handled his subject with the fastidiousness of a a scholar and the sternness of a moralist. "In what sense is man free by nature?" he asked. In reality, man is a victim to subjection, and it is only by the interposition of Art and Science that he breaks from his fetters. Co-operation is power, and as physical subjection diminishes, a moral sense steps in. The universe is one vast system and celebration of obedience. Civilization restrains, and man has not perfect property in the blood of his own veins. It is not surprising, therefore, if there be shown a preference for the freedom antecedent to civilization, and yet this same free life is a mirage. It fetters all man's human nature and lets only the beast go free. Any freedom is fallacious, as it seems, unconditional.

Every man has an affection for his own will and a desire to make it effective, continued Mr. Wasson. This may be called subjective liberty, and is good as an element but not as a principle. Yet this constrains, for multiply one will by many, and man is surrounded by a network of such constraints as are productive of humanity's true emancipation. When two men come together there is a larger freedom, if they be rightly related. There is a convergence of powers to a focus of right reason. Man is not born free but is born to become so, and attains freedom by prophecy and aspiration. Politically, it is man's effective application of right reason to himself and others that makes him free. The serviceableness of men depends upon their liberation in community, but liberation is not the liberty of thieves to elect thieves to office. Liberty is only attained through the medium of political community. Men shall be knitted together in unity, rational restraint being one of the factors of liberty. It is the shell of the egg, the husk of corn, without which disintegration and demoralization ensue. The ascent of life entails a progressive embodiment of restraint.

Dwelling upon the relation of pure democracy to pure liberation, Mr. Wasson maintained that common action is never up to common disposition, from which fact Wendell Phillips is led to assert that the Republican party understates the virtue of the people. A party *as* a party always breathes bad air, and the result of a popular vote must be below rather than above individual opinion.

All men crave a true liberation. Liberty in community demands discipline of the will. Had there ever been such discipline, History would have been different. Emancipators are victims and the cross is their symbol. Liberty that consists only in voting helps to oppress us. One of our greatest foes is fraudulent work with its waste of labor and capital. Honesty would increase the value of labor one hundred per cent. We must get rid of reckless indiscrimination. There should be formation of guilds which should act as mutual work insurance companies. It is Democratic averages that keep human nature so low. We are forced to struggle against voracities rather than tyrannies that proclaim a law of chaos. The age of right reason will not be brought about by cheap sentimentality. Army hospitals did not conquer Richmond, nor will soup houses conquer this century. Egotistic power, whether of one or two, must pass away as a dream, leaving to select men and women the divine reign of *recta ratio*.

Such are a few of the points touched upon by Mr. Wasson in an essay of an hour's length, that will all its many excellent qualities would have been better received had there been less despondency, and more faith in the virtues of suffrage.

Leading the discussion upon Mr. Wasson's paper, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson pronounced it an admirable comment on political society, and only defective in its attack upon suffrage.

Its author's pointed pen would have undoubtedly destroyed monarchy more readily than democracy. Man has not skill enough to manage either. If offered reforms, Mr. Wasson would be unable to give up the public. The "rings" of New York simply prove the imbecility of any form of government in a bad population. With the exception of Connecticut, which is a suburb of New York, the New England States carry about with them their own cure for political distempers. Schools are the remedy for all populations. They qualify and remove all danger that threatens. History gives no preference over suffrage. We must stand for the freest form of government. In California it availed to make the best government among bruisers and gamblers. The best will is the average will. It is only upon extraordinary occasions that the world produces natural Emperors, such as Abraham Lincoln and George Washington. In our Democracy we show a better average than any succession of Kings. The Kingdom of God must come and then all will be safe.

How is right reason to come? asked Miss Elizabeth Peabody. The question is whether universal suffrage will give it, or whether the action of some men who are not the majority. How the plan of selection has succeeded is shown in the history of the world. Now a new plan is suggested by calling upon all men to contribute. Intellect is not reason. Reasoning is the portioning power. Miss Peabody took exception to Mr. Wasson's placing ignorance and egotism together. Egotism is found in the greatest extent among the cultivated. *Our records prove that the largest vote is invariably the best vote.* The largest vote ever cast was upon the second election of Abraham Lincoln. If New York were mankind Democracy might be questioned. It is a delusion to make partial culture and right reason identical. Miss Peabody had just returned from the despotisms of Europe and marked their effects upon the people, and although she had come back wide awake to the short comings of America, yet she could not but give the preference to our atmosphere of freedom.

Mr. Weiss said that we should not have a Democracy until such representatives of mankind as the last speaker had a vote. Mr. Wasson's paper was most timely, and if the like were heard from rostrum and pulpit, the era of *recta ratio* would draw near. But it is too late to talk about limiting suffrage. The Plug Uglies have it, the negroes have it, and it would endanger the safety of the republic to take it away from one negro. He would establish a right balance of power by deploying women upon the field. In them is the emotional, intuitive and moral element. There are women who have great power of synthesis, of ratiocination; there are men who are strongly emotional, and intuitive; but both are exceptional, and the speaker did not believe there could be a democracy until man and woman stood side by side, the one saying "here is my ratiocination" the other, "here is my intuition." Then we shall have the whole power of the republic. He would run for luck on women, knowing full well the exceptions of vanity and vice. He had seen the shoddy woman in full blossom and inhaled her questionable fragrance. When we have man we have half a God. In Massachusetts where there are 250,000 more women than men, we have more than our share of God. *Our safety lies in deploying all of God we have upon the field.*

Mr. Weiss's remarks were received with applause and were indorsed by Mr. Sargent.

Miss Peabody thought Democracy ought not to be judged until further trial.

Mr. Wasson declared that he had not been understood. He did not propose past forms and utterly denied that there ever *had* been a republic. Men should be made what they really are. Democracy is cherishing a viper in its bosom.

Miss Peabody was followed by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who said:

I appreciate and value the justice and nicety of the criticism made by Mr. Wasson upon the faults and shortcomings of a democratic society. But while I heard him with pleasure and interest, I yet felt in hearing him, like the disabled composer whose cat, running over the key-board of the piano, struck the third chord, legitimate and musical in its place, but asking the fourth as its solution. Incompetent as he was, he hobbled from his sofa, and struck the needed chord before he could again rest. The facts indeed are much as Mr. Wasson states them, and there are moments in our study and observation in which the evils of the popular rule confront, and almost turn us back, as insurmountable. But our great hope triumphs over these difficulties, and leads us on in the direction already indicated. This seems to be one of the *antinomies* of morals. It seems almost hopeless to reconcile the real evils of popular sovereignty with its ideal dignity and security. Yet the two, none the less, co-exist.

The advantages of universal suffrage are not so immediate as they are usually assumed, by their champions, to be. One of the greatest of these advantages is that the extension of the suffrage necessarily supposes and entails the extension of education. The experience of the Republican North shows this. The aristocratic institutions of the South, on the contrary, necessitated the restriction of education. We Americans are too jubilant over our institutions, rejoicing as though we had already attained. The high result hoped for is only to be attained by long and earnest labor.

Mr. Alcott maintained that a Democracy is impossible saving where the whole people are cultivated. Our theory is perfect, but in the absence of culture we are well nigh swamped. As for egotism, everyone is an egotist in that he believes in his individual not personal self. Culture, however, avails not unless the moral quality predominates. There never has been a republic saving in the small Pythagorean experiment which was a complete success because women were there. No man should vote who is not a woman, that is who does not possess the womanly or moral quality. Woman has come to claim her place and she is fast learning *how* to claim it. Women would consider many questions that men can not. Let woman come to the foreground and speak for herself.

Culture is wanted. No man is entitled to more liberty than he can use for his own and his neighbor's good.

After further discussion by Mr. Richard Hallowell, Mr. Sidney Morse, the editor of *The Radical*, and Mr. Alcott, the assembly adjourned to meet a month hence, when Mr. Weiss is expected to supply a feast of reason from his overflow of soul. K. F.

MR. EMERSON'S THIRD LECTURE.

BROOK FARM.

[Reported for the Standard].

People went last evening expecting to be regaled with a transcendental account of Brook Farm, nor were they disappointed except in the brevity of the sketch. Mr. Emerson began by saying "That in 1820 a new order of things appeared, and a moral age followed the profligacy of the past one. Goethe brought his new theories, Hegee his philosophy, Channing religion, Everett eloquence, and Dickens his beautiful humanity in romance."

All manner of reforms were rampant, and with quaint allusions to many of them, Mr. Emerson came at last to Brook Farm. "In 1840, Dr. Channing, Geo. Ripley with other enthusiasts met to discuss the possibility of an intellectual community for mutual pleasure and culture. Much fine discourse was enjoyed, but nothing settled, for in the midst of it the company streamed out to an oyster supper, and so ended the first attempt at æsthetical society in Boston." In 1841, another attempt was made, which resulted in Brook Farm, and lasted six years. Ripley, Curtis, Parke, Margaret Fuller, Dwight, Wm. H. Channing and "Hawthorne with his cold but gentle genius" were interested in it, enjoyed it, and came out of it financially poorer but intellectually richer for the experience.

"So many hours of labor for so many hours of instruction was the rule, but the new-comers, while eagerly availing themselves of the instruction shirked the labor, which was done by the faithful few. As sometimes happens in larger communities than Brook farm." Among the humorous stories told of these enthusiasts were these—"One man ploughed all day, and another looked out of window all day, and both received the same wages at night."

"The ladies took cold on washing days, so the gentlemen shepherds hung out the clothes, and when they danced in the evening clothes-pins fell plentifully from their pockets."

"It was a perpetual picnic, and its leaders should be thanked for making a pleasant place to live in. It was an education to those who were there; a fine experience of life-long value."

In the course of his lecture Mr. Emerson alluded to *Dial* "whose ere its chief readers" and "which enjoyed its obscurity for four years when it died." He likewise paid characteristic tributes of praise to the men whom he honored with his friendship long before the world began to find them out—Thoreau who celebrated poverty and felt that "God could not be unkind to him if he tried, and Alcott who "read Plato as an equal."

Our Boston Correspondence.

Boston, October 25th, 1868.

Two lectures of Mr. Emerson's new course have already been given here, calling together, as usual, the lovers of high and fine thought, and richly rewarding them. As his third lecture—which is to discourse, among other things, on that curious experiment of life in Association formerly tried at Brook Farm, near this city—will be given in the Temple, a large number will probably seize the opportunity to hear him.

A good many years ago, when Mr. Emerson first turned from the pulpit to the lecture-room, the eminent Boston lawyer Jonathan Mason went, with his family, to hear him. On being asked, afterwards, how he liked the lecture, he said he had been unable to make out what Mr. Emerson was driving at. "My daughters, however," added Mr. Mason, "admired the lecture, and understood it perfectly."

Probably the sarcastic old lawyer, when he said this, did not in the least suspect that his daughters had a finer and higher sense than he of the matters then treated of. Ingenuous youth, of both sexes, still delight in hearing Mr. Emerson, and find their best thoughts stimulated, and their highest aspirations met, by his suggestions. But they are no longer alone in this enjoyment. Our wisest and maturest men and women, lawyers of the standing of Mr. Mason, professional men of every class, the deepest thinkers and the most active workers, find the ir highest enjoyment in attendance on such lectures as these, and throng to hear the utterance, on any subject, of him whom they once reckoned an unprofitable dreamer.

Those who despair of human improvement may learn truer wisdom by looking at the experience of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Theodore Parker. Both have found the intellectual and moral movements of their age manifestly and largely accelerated by their own efforts, though the latter passed upward [too soon to see with the bodily eye all the evidence of this that *we* see. Both were the subjects of ridicule, obloquy and malignant misrepresentation by large bodies of men having possession of the public ear, controlling a large department of the press, and wielding the mighty power of the pulpit; both went on quietly with their work, without pausing to defend themselves, or make any reply to these misrepresentations; and in the case of both, the ideas which they taught, the principles which they inculcated, and the reformatory movements which they sought to promote have been steadily growing in public estimation, and the best thinkers, here and in foreign lands, unite in pronouncing their names with reverence. Beginning on a high and true plane, these men had no occasion to change, only to persevere; and they are rewarded for having done so by seeing the great public surely, however slowly, following their lead, and moving steadily towards them.

I may mention here that the religious society, founded by Mr. Parker, the 28th Congregational Society of Boston, have unanimously invited Rev. James Vila Blake of Haverhill to be their minister, and it is understood that he will accept the invitation.

The managers of the "Fraternity lectures" were fortunate in securing John Lothrop Motley to open their course, which he did on Monday, the 19th instant, in a stirring address on the political aspects and demands of our time.

Those who on this occasion expected to see only a quiet, scholarly man, and to hear only the reading of an argument, were agreeably dissappointed. Mr. Motley is a man of commanding presence, and a highly eloquent speaker, expressing his thoughts with such skill, and delivering them with such grace and energy, as if oratory had been his chosen profession. When he was first introduced to the audience, and was about to commence his address, Mr. Frank W. Bird arose on the platform and called for three cheers for the man who had first spoken brave words abroad in advocacy of the rights of the American nation in the early part of our late struggle, and when European powers seemed inclined to turn against us. Three rousing cheers were given by the great audience, followed by prolonged applause, and Mr. Motley, briefly and gracefully expressing his appreciation of the compliment, proceeded with his lecture.

As this lecture appeared in pamphlet form on the morning after its delivery, and was also printed in full in three of our daily papers and four of yours, I need not give any abstract of its contents. I will merely mention the admirable treatment of two of its topics, which, however plain to good sense and good morals, are so mystified by the sophistry of partisan politicians that many people really need enlightenment respecting them. In regard to one of these, the guilt and folly of repudiation, Mr. Motley apologized to his audience for spending any time in argument upon it, saying very justly that it was difficult to prove an axiom. He closed this part of the subject by reading (and reading with great point and expression) an incident in the life of one of Mr. Dickens's characters; that character who seriously declares that he has recovered his moral dignity, and that he can once more walk erect before his fellow-men, in consequence of having given his creditor, instead of the payment due, a new *promise* to pay. Mr. Motley protested against the monstrous proposal that the United States should adopt the financial system of Mr. Wilkins Micawber.

The other matter which I have mentioned as needing elucidation only because of systematic efforts to misrepresent it, was the complaint of the rebels of unjust treatment under the reconstruction Acts of Congress. These complainers, said Mr. Motley, seem to have forgotten one little fact, that there has been a war; that they, who make the pretence of suffering oppression, were four years in armed rebellion against this nation; and that, the war being ended by their defeat, it is the special attribute of the National Legislature to lay down the terms of peace.

This is so plain a matter that it might appear needless to mention it; but the partisans of the rebellion, seeming to think that a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth, are incessantly harping upon the very moderate restraints that have been imposed upon them, as if these had been utterly unmerited, and as if the attempt to destroy this nation for the sake of maintaining slavery were a deed rather meritorious than otherwise. This exposure by Mr. Motley, therefore, was needful, and his portraiture of the impudence of the rebels in maintaining a right, first to secede and fight against the government when they please, and next to come back and resume the administration of the government when they please, was admirably drawn, and thoroughly appreciated by the audience. North.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 27th, 1868.

Men here, having the most friendly feelings possible, towards Gen. Grant and his candidacy, have been enquiring in subdued tones why, with murder running riot in the South and actual and prospective political assassination the order of the day, Gen. Grant is not here at his head-quarters, at least keeping himself well informed as to the "situation," if not trying to stem by measures of some sort, the horrible tide of sedition and crime that overflows the disturbed section. The tones are becoming loud. The New Orleans and Arkansas news have deeply excited, earnest men here, and it is being perceived at last, that these atrocities are not merely the results of excitement, but that on the contrary, there is method in this Ku-Klux madness, which demands the earnest attention of the man above all others charged with the preservation of peace, if not in law, at least by the wishes and hopes of the loyal people.

I know well what the objection is that the politicians offer to any criticism. It will be said at once that the army cannot interfere in these States. They are reconstructed, and aid to suppress insurrection can only be rendered through the application of a State Executive to the President. But though this is true, much could have been done that does not appear on the surface. It is not unfair to recall the public attention to the fact that some one is responsible, while the States were directly under military rule, *for the non-punishment* of a single criminal. The State of Texas is still under military government, and the commanding officer, is the warm personal friend of Gen. Grant, yet nearly two thousand murders, committed directly and indirectly because of political opinions, have occurred in that "red-hot" region since Kirby Smith surrendered. For all this terrible array of crime not one man has been punished. I doubt if there have been a score of arrests made. There is hardly a day passes but what the U. S. flag is insulted and the representatives of the government assailed. Still we hear of no one being prevented from doing further mischief.

The truth of the matter seems to be that this apparent supineness is dictated by some settled policy. It has been given me to know in some degree of the feelings Gen. Grant himself entertains on this matter. But, he cannot avoid being somewhat influenced by such politicians as E. B. Washburne, and his set—cool, calculating measurers of chances, to whom each political assassination in the South is an additional point to be used for their candidate's advancement—which means in reality their own. There is no sympathy, not a spark of that divine indignation which flames into justice, only a cold chuckle of satisfaction at the fact that the folly of their country's foes helps them to achieve party and personal ends. Mr. Washburne is probably the man too by whose advice Gen. Grant remains so quietly at Galena, and who has induced the absence of his able Chief of staff even—Gen. Rawlings. Thousands of honest, earnest and loyal men will vote for Grant because they think that he will be the best agent to bring peace, or rather insure what they desire far more than a "peace that hisses on every man's hearthstone,"—protection to every American citizen in all his rights and on every foot of American soil.

That protection would now be almost assured, and the desired peace would have almost come, had it not been for the cowardly policy that animated Mr. Washburne, and a

sufficient number of republicans in the House, to ensure the defeat of the bill which gave to the Southern reconstructed States, the means of equipping and arming a militia. The Ku-Klux assassins fear power only. They respect those who enforce it without fear or favor. If the State Governments had been equipped for defence, as was their right, we should not be in receipt daily of such long lists of atrocities as those that now come.

The end has nearly arrived. The quadrennial cowardice of American politicians is nearly over. Grant's prospects cannot be injured by activity. Let us demand hereafter that the national constable shall be at his post at least. ASMODEUS.

FROM MAINE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MISS HOLLEY TO MISS PUTNAM.

ORLAND, ME., Oct. 9th, 1868.

You see by my date I am on my return route, leaving the region of dark red, sand-stone rocks, seals, deer, sea-urchins, star-fish, and big "Shark Dog Fish." No wonder Prof. Agassiz is willing to give $500 for this curious monster; and report says Barnum offers $10.000! I saw it in Machias with wonder and astonishment.

Mr. C——., of Eastport, drove me by the very cove where it was taken, at low tide. Seventy-two bullets were shot into it. I was told it fought terribly against being captured.

This visit to Eastern Maine has been altogether, one of the most delightful and satisfactory of my life. I love these kind, genuine, interesting people. Everywhere I go they freely open their churches and homes to me—giving me a warm place in their hearts and by their firesides. This week I have spoken *four* nights, and again to-night. Last Sunday I spent on Deer Island, and held a fine meeting in the Congregational Church by invitation of F. M. Holden, an old Liberty Party man who voted for James G. Birney in 1844. He welcomed me to the Island. Monday evening I had a still larger audience. For this meeting I am indebted to a Democrat who lighted Mason's Hall, rung the church-bell, and took up a collection of ten dollars—S. G. Haskell. He expressed his satisfaction and interest by saying "it was the best lecture he ever heard!" May it convince him so he cannot uphold Seymour any more.

It was amusing to hear an agent of the American Bible Society, who preached that Sunday, say, he knew Miss Grimke lectured upon the colored people, and wanted to know if it was *her* who would speak that evening! I replied Miss G.—hadn't lectured in public for thirty years. In his sermon, he pleaded that Bibles should be sent to the poor, ignorant freed people. I couldn't help thinking of the time when our noble American Anti-Slavery Society offered to give the American Bible Society $500 if it would make the attempt to give Bibles to the slaves. But so cowardly and wordly was the Bible Society it declined to even make the attempt. *Now*, it is no proof of courage or Christianity to send Bibles to the colored people of the South. Indeed it is the most popular thing the Bible Society can do!

The drives on Deer Island, like those on Mt. Desert were through beautiful evergreen woods; The sun-light filtering through and by "the resounding sea." The inhabitants are like their climate and soil, vigorous and hardy, solid and sensible. They are "Toilers by the Sea;" almost every family has some member away at sea.

Mr. Holden's brother, a soldier of the war, is just appointed Light-House Keeper at Green Landing. He knew Gen. Birney in the army and loved him for his father's sake. He is of course a good Republican; but this vast sea-board with forty light-houses, and many Custom ports is tempted by government patronage to support the ruling administration. You will recognize the nobleness of our friend, Anne F. Greeley, whose husband, a Democrat, was offered the Collector's office in Ellsworth Custom House. Mrs. G——, said "I have always worked hard, been no expense to you, and I would rather lose every cent and begin all new with only a mouthful of bread than have you take that office from Johnson!" He did not take it. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Smith welcomed me to Ellsworth with the same warm and generous hospitality as nine years ago. Mr. Savary's Unitarian Church gave me a great audience. My old Buffalo pastor, Dr. Hosmer, sat in it and listened with sympathy.

A young soldier who was in the awful siege of Port Hudson so graphically described in the pages of James Hosmer's book, drove me over from Ellsworth to Hancock where I had a good little meeting.

This soldier told me of the deadly charge of the brave 2nd Louisiana on the 27th of May 1863, where—

> "Hundreds, on hundreds fell;
> 'Freedom,' their battle-cry,—
> 'Freedom!' or leave to die!
> Oh! what a shout there went
> From the Black regiment!
> They gave their spirits out:
> Glad to strike one free blow,
> Glad to breathe one free breath
> Though on the lips of death;
> Trusting the end to God."

At Otis, I was received cordially into the quiet and refined circle of the "Old Otis Homestead." My meeting was three miles off, through darkness, mud and rain, but a very good audience.

I often think of Paul and his journyings in Asia Minor! Believing in joy with him, "words sown in weakness are raised in power." What a breast-plate and armor, the faith that God owns and blesses the work that helps on Right, and Justice in the world! I have a cordial letter from the Unitarian minister in Castine and lecture there to-morrow night.

One of the supremely fair and lovely September days I took steamer from Eastport for the foreign city of St. Johns, New Brunswick—a little, dingy, dirty town, houses smoke color, such a crowd of people awaited the arrival of the boat! Do read the capital article and illustrations in Harper's Monthly of March about St. Johns and the Provinces. I read inscriptions in the cemetery, laid out like a public garden, over the graves of the Tories, who left Rhode Island and the other colonies in the Revolution; went to church service and heard Edward, Prince of Wales, etc., prayed for.

SALLIE HOLLEY.

A WORKING CLASS LEADER.—WOMEN'S TRADE UNIONS, SCHOOLS, ETC.

LETTER FROM COL. R. J. HINTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October, 1868.

RECENTLY Mr. G. W. Smalley, the able London correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*, referred in one of his leiters to *The Pall Mall Gazette's*—(the paper which claims to be "edited by gentlemen for gentlemen") reference to one of the working leaders of the English Industrial Democracy, Mr. George Odger, who has had the unparalleled impudence to announce himself as a candidate for a seat in the Reformed Parliament. The English paper sneers at "Mr. Hodger" as it calls him, "as a loud mouthed demagogue" belonging to the Reform League Executive, "whose father was a miner and whose mother was mad." Mr. George Odger has excited this eminent specimen of gentlemanly editorial excellence by standing as a candidate for the new borough of Chelsea, the residence of Thomas Carlyle, of the "*Iliad in Nuce*" and "shooting Niagara" fame.

Americans are the debtors of Mr. Odger for arduous and unrequited services in behalf of the Union cause in England, and I therefore propose to tell something of one who may be the first working man in the English Parliament.

George Odger is a man about forty-five years of age. A shoemaker by trade, he has been for twenty-five years identified with every movement made by his class for political, social and economical amelioration. He was a leading Chartist, and since the cessation of that agitation in 1849, he has been one of the most untiring workers in the great Trades' Union movement of Great Britain. His efforts have been almost wholly turned towards the amalgamation of the different Trades' Societies, and largely under his influence and leadership, have been formed the great Trades' Councils, etc., which are now shaping the Democratic movement of England on its economic and social sides. Mr. Odger is the originator and leading spirit in that most important movement known as the "International Workingmen's Association," whose aim is nothing less than the perfect and peaceful Federation of Labor in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe. Its design is the defence of the rights of Labor against the encroachments of capital, the reorganization of society by co-operative movements, etc., and peaceful and united opposition to war and the other policies of the old systems, which destroy the people and still further impoverish and grind the face of the poor. Under the direction of the "International Workingmen's Association," three important Labor Congresses have been held, the first in 1866 at Geneva, the second at Lussauer, and latterly, the third has been held at Brussels. The proceedings of these bodies have attracted wide attention in this country, as well as in Great Britain. Our two National Labor Congresses were, I suppose, modelled after the movement organized by Messrs. Odger, Eccarius, Lucraft and others. Thinking men will be apt to conceive that a man like Odger, is a fit representative of the class interest with which he is so prominently identified.

Mr. Odger is regarded among the most enlightened English politicians as the possessor of not only a leading mind, but one well informed and well-balanced. It is believed among his associates that the relations of Mr. Odger to Mr. Gladstone are of an intimate character. Report declares that Mr. Odger is employed by the English liberal leader, as some sort of a Private Secretary—so far at least as the gathering and preparation of materials bearing on the interests of labor and similar subjects is concerned.

But it is in relation to our own struggle that I wish to speak of Mr. Odger's services. London, Liverpool and Lancashire were made battle-grounds by the Southern agents, in their efforts to win English sympathy. It is a fact not generally known, that with all their efforts, they were never able to hold an open public meeting in favor of the South. The workingmen in attendance always voted them down. That they did this, was in London, at least, largely due to the untiring efforts of Mr. George Odger, Creamer, Thomas Mottershead, George Howell, at present secretary of the Reform League, and a few other Trades' Union and radical leaders, who in season and out of season, understanding well that our triumph was theirs, worked without ceasing to arouse their fellows, and counteract the efforts of the Southern agents and their allies. The middle-class—small shop-keepers, and flunkeys—nearly all were against us. The Southern agents spent their gold like water poured on the ground. Their great effort was to get the working class organs and speakers to clamor for the raising of the blockade, in order that the cotton famine and consequent distress might be relieved. The Democratic paper, *Reynolds Weekly*, was bought up, and raised the cry. An attempt was made to get the *Beehive*, the Trade Union's organ—a paper in part started by Mr. Odger—on the same track. It would have been successful but for his bitter hostility to it in the Board of Managers. Mr. Odger—like others that I have named—could at any time become the possessor of more money than he ever owned, by joining in the cry for raising the blockade. The Southern agents at one time offered him a large sum of money to do so. I have been told as much as $1,000 in gold. They could buy the editor of the *Times*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* men, but they could not purchase the poor shoemaker with his faith in Republican ideas, and his earnest desire for their triumph. When in England last fall, I was told many anecdotes of his devotion. At every debating society Odger and his friends were present; at every public meeting they watched and labored, and all the time they went about with pockets well stuffed with facts about the war and its cause, and minds well stored with arguments in its behalf. It was George Odger who suggested and directed the calling of the Great St. James Hall meeting, in the winter of 1862-3, at which John Bright made his most famous speech in defence of this Republic—a speech which killed all further attempts in the British Parliament to recognize the Southern confederacy. Have I not truly said that Americans owe gratitude to George Odger and his class? For one, I was much gratified to see Mr. Smalley's rebuke of the *Pall Mall's* snobbery, which is, however, of a piece with those, who like Trollope, sneer at the colored man that offers himself for public office, or even exercises the suffrage. Such men as Odger are the forerunning waves of the incoming tide of genuine Democracy in England. Thank God! it rises higher and higher. By and by, like the famous tidal wave it will oversweep the bounds. Out will go that "blotch of a crown," down will go the State Church; the House of Lords will be "shunted" into oblivion; the feudal land system will be swept away, and from out the ruins will arise a new Federal Republic—that of England, Scotland and Ireland.

The continued success of the organization of labor and the rapid progress of the woman's movement are among the most cheering and cheerful signs of the times, both in Great Britian and here. The Unity of Labor, not in a spirit of class hostility, demands efforts at our hands.

There ought to be determined and continued efforts made immediately by those active in the Labor movement, to organize the laboring population of the South. While the white workmen allow themselves to oppose, from prejudice simply, the workingmen of the South, they continue to keep degraded and feeble, an element of whose feebleness and degradation, capital or omit selfish interests are sure to take advantage.

There ought to be at once put in the field, persons capable of instructing the women and the colored working people, especially, in a clear and simple manner in the principles and forms of association for protection and of co-operation for production and supply. Those who are left in charge of the Labor movement, as represented by the late National Congress at New York, ought at once to take steps in the directions indicated. As an evidence of the interest aroused in the questions of woman's work, wages, etc., let me note the fact that the *Galaxy Magazine*, has engaged Mrs. Julia A. Archibald Holmes, of this city to write a series of articles on the topics referred to. Her first article—"Women in the Post-offices," will appear in the December number, and will be very interesting. There will be a strenuous effort made in Congress this winter to open public employments, so far as the clerical labor at least, is concerned, to women on the same footing as men, and not as is now the case in the Dead Letter Office, where men receive from $1200 to $1600 for opening the letters, and women in the same room, get but $900 for redirecting them.

Another important matter for legislation here, is in regard to the organization of an efficient system of common schools. Jealousy, I regret to say, on the part of some of our colored friends, hindered a very well-intentioned movement on the part of the late superintendent of Colored Schools, Mr. E. A. Newton, to get passed a bill placing the colored on the same footing as the white schools and under the same superintendency. It appears from Mr. Newton's last report, a very interesting and able document too, that there are nearly six thousand colored children in this district, of the proper age, not in school, and who could not have been received had they applied. There are half as many more white children who do not attend and cannot be accomodated if they did. Is this not a disgrace to the National Capital.

RICHARD J. HINTON.

THE PHILADELPHIA SOLDIERS' CONVENTION.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 26th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

ASMODEUS in your last issue "briefly notes" (in a wordy epistle, a column long) my note of 12th inst. I dislike to encroach on your space, and the patience of your readers, but justice to my Philadelphia friends demands a rejoinder. The issue between myself and your Washington Correspondent is simply an issue between one who knows a fact by personal participation and one who imagines he knows the same fact, but admits that he obtained his information, as your Correspondent does in Washington, in Baltimore and by common rumor. The Philadelphia managers, I own to having been one of them and therefore can speak by the card, can not be held responsible for the opinions of outsiders. Their actions upon similar occasions; the flag presentations on July 4th, 1866—the organization of the G. A. R. and the Soldiers' Celebration last year, when Sheridan and Sickles visited our city, show that they are not afraid to do right.

In my former communication I asserted that "no colored soldiers reported for participation in the parade"—this I repeat and further, that *General Owen, and Collis, and those associated with them were not the cause of their absence.* With the selection of officers for the Convention, our Philadelphia Committee was not charged and, we cannot therefore be held responsible if errors were committed.

One point more and I am done: I sneer at no man because of his zeal for the negro, but I sneer at any man, who, will because of his zeal for the negro, through either carelessness or wilfulness, pervert the truth, and thereby bringing reproach upon men equally earnest and honest with himself. CAMP WM. PENN.

CONVENTION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA PEACE SOCIETY.

ON Sunday, September 27th, this Society held a morning and afternoon meeting at Longwood.

Isaac Mendenhall of Chester County, was called to the Chair, and the Secretary, Dr. Child, read the proceedings of the last meeting, alluded to the loss sustained by the death of the President, James Mott, and read letters from prominent friends of the cause. L. K. Joslin of Providence, sent the following sentiment:

"War utterly unjustifiable. Not for emancipation, for it makes slavery.

"Not for progress and purity because *it is* barbarism and vice. Not as a remedy for wrongs and evils, for it multiplies wrongs and evils. No compromise with war! The people are repudiating it throughout the world; it is the weapon and defense of tyrants—let the people take it from their bloody hands."

Alfred H. Love then addressed the meeting on its thorough and practical principles, and presented, the following as a declaration of sentiment, which after being fully discussed was unanimously adopted:

"At this time when the world resounds with the cry:" 'Let us have peace;' when it is the soul of the last sermon and the last prayer; the last editorial and the last poem; the last proclamation and even of the last war, have we not a right to expect a living and consistent faith, that shall not continually disturb the very thing that it seeks!

"And when in the midst of profuse christian profession, we find all the world a camp, and the minister, the editor, the governor and the general, filled with the war-spirit and mankind declaring they see no way out it; we dare to protest against war as a barbarism that legalizes, and is the very incarnation of falsehood, theft, slavery, oppression, torture, poverty and man-killing, subverting the ten commandments, the Sermon on the Mount and the divinity and spirituality of our natures, and while it causes this monstrous depravity, it is in turn the result thereof.

"It must ever remain a consummate folly and wickedness to destroy that which our labor has created, and to cut off the head to save the body. At the very moment when difficulties thicken and we most need health, composure and mental power to adjust them, we trust the question to passion and powder.

"We, appeal, therefore to those who know enough to cry peace to be brave enough to live it—first by never giving cause for war, and secondly by never going to war.

"As military preparations make war imminent, and as a standing army is an ever-present danger, we can make no compromise with these instruments of blood, and we would demolish every military academy and disband every army.

"If we never touch the deadly weapon we will never use it, and we appeal to the workingman the world over, to know the fact, that he does the fighting, suffers the torture and pays the war-tax, and that if kings and Congresses would have war, leave to them the fighting.

"No government is strong enough to violate with impunity the rights of the humblest citizen.

"To those who love liberty, war is slavery; to those who love a 'fair day's wages for a fair day's work,' war is poverty; to those who love life, war is the inquisitorial death; and if the people will but refuse to surrender these inalienable rights of every human being, refuse to disobey God and their own consciences, no general can find an army.

"That peace may be possible and deserved, we must recognize uncompromising justice, a world-wide philanthropy, and all rights irrespective of color or sex. We must protest against the injustice practiced upon the Indians; and we submit that if the government will remove the lawless and corrupt agents and keep back the army, that with half what it costs to kill one Indian, a a delegation of true friends, on the radical peace principle, could settle all the difficulties and establish amity and peace.

"That the efforts being made in Europe and elsewhere in behalf of a Code of Laws, for the adjustment of international differences, to be sustained by moral power without the threat of deadly force behind it, as the ultimatum, merits and receives our hearty approval,"

Chandler Darlington asked a number of close questions, and made several speeches approving the principle, representing the difficulties that surrounded it.

A number of the prominent workers in behalf of reform were present and added their names to the list of members.

William J. Mullen, the prison agent of Philadelphia, presented his noble work of arbitration between the prosecutor and prosecuted, by which he saves the city about $15,000 per annum, restores many to their homes and brings about relations of peace and harmony, and he argued that if he could do so much among the lowly how much more might be done in the higher walks of life.

The meeting adjourned to meet in Philadelphia at the anniversary about the 18th of next November.

LITERARY.

MISS. DICKINSON'S "WHAT ANSWER."

Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE in *The Hartford Courant* pays the following generous and well deserved tribute to Miss. Dickinson's book:

"A BRAVE, NOBLE BOOK.

"So we thought as we laid down, 'What Answer?' the first story published by Anna Dickinson. It is one of those books which belong to the class of *deeds* not *words*. To call it a novel, and to talk over it any of the hackneyed cant of the artistic merits of the story, or to judge of it merely as a story, is for us Americans, in this hour of our trial, as out of place as for King David to have criticised the literary merits of the little work of fiction addressed to him by Nathan the prophet in the matter of Uriah the Hittite.

"The book is a solemn, earnest, thrilling, enthusiastic appeal, in which a noble woman, herself at ease, blessed with flattering friends, with applause, with admiration, takes all in her hand and risks all in pleading the cause of the poorest, the most despised, the most maligned and scorned of God's creatures. In the form of a story she makes a most condensed, earnest, and powerful appeal to the heart and conscience of this American nation on the sin of caste—a sin of which she makes us feel we have been but half convinced, and for which we have only begun to find a place of repentance.

"If anybody can read that book unmoved, we have only pity for him. No American, however conscientiously he may have espoused the cause of the slave, but may gain from it a deeper, truer baptism into the great doctrine of Christianity, that in Christ Jesus all are brethren.

"What gives this story its awful power is *its truth*. Under a thin veil of fiction it presents facts—facts of most appalling suggestiveness; and we beg the reader to notice carefully the modest confirmatory note of Miss. Dickinson at the end of the volume. That she speaks of that she *knows*, and testifies of what she has seen, throughout the whole story, is very evident. Even the part which at first strikes one with most of an air of fiction, the portrait of its heroine and her father and brother, we have reason to know is drawn from actual, literal observation.

"That such a book as this is needed among us yet is evident from the fact that the State of Connecticut, with all the signs and wonders of God's great controversy with us yet ringing in her ears and dazzling her eyes, still persists in refusing to the negro who had helped us in our battles the simplest right of citizenship. Traitors, copperheads, all nations and names, however mean and degraded, may drop their votes, but brave black hands scarred with fighting for us, are beaten back.

"That such a book is needed is evident from the very issue of the Presidential election now before us. There is a party whose war-cry is 'A white man's government, and no place for the negro.' There are already significant and awful indications of what may be the fate of this people at the South if that party prevails.

"Miss Dickinson's book puts the solemn question to the American nation, *What Answer?* Let the answer come at the polls. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE."

The Atlantic Monthly for November contains the first of a series of articles on "Co-operative Housekeeping;" "Foreign Faces," by Eugene Benson; "A Second Paper on Bacon" by E. P. Whipple; "The Traditional Policy of Russia" by Karl Blind; "What Five Years will do" by E. H. Appleton; "My Darlings" by Alice Cary; "My Visit to the Gorilla;" "Calico Printing in France;" "Maydenvalley, Spinsterland" by Adam S. Hill; "The Land of Paoli" by Bayard Taylor, and "Kentucky's Ghost" by E. Stuart Phelps.

Harper's Magazine for November contains an article on "The Handel Festival at the Crytal Palace, 1868," by Moncure D. Conway. The other illustrated articles are "Fish-Culture in America" and "Explorations in Lower California. Kate Field contributes "A Moving Tale," written in her sprightly and entertaining style. The essays and stories are of the usual character. The "Easy Chair," always readable, gives some timely suggestions on Women's Suffrage.

The Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy, for 1869, containing nearly fifty portraits of distinguished characters—Civilized and Savage; is published. The true basis of Education; uses of Culture; how to Study Faces; a Convention of the Faculties; Nature's Noblemen; Eminent Clergymen; Power of Example; Choice of Pursuits, or, What Can I do Best; Mirthfulness, Wit, Humor, with Illustrations; Heads of Victor Cousin, Hepworth Dixon; Wilkie Collins; Rev. John Cummings, author and prophet; Blind Tom; Artemus Ward; Alex. Dumas; Mrs. Ritchie, Mr. Julian; with Indians, Cannibals, and others. Rich in Matter and Illustrations. Only 25 cents. S. R WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

The American Phrenological Journal for November has woodcuts of Max Müller, the philologist; of Isaac Taylor, the author of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm;" of Count Gustave Choriuski; of the Baroness Ebergenyi; of five of "The German Lyrists;" of Gounod, the composer, and of the late Queen of Spain. Among the contributions are articles on "Self-Government," "Getting Rich," "High Culture and Crime," "Table Manners," "Marriage *versus* Celibacy," "Recreation *versus* Stimulation," "Food Makes the Man," "Tobacco *versus* Bald Heads and Gray Hair," "New England Fisheries," and "The Lifting Cure." *The Prenological Journal* always contains a large amount of interesting and practically useful matter.

Among the contents of *Our Young Folks* for November "Half-Hours with Father Brighthopes" by J. T. Trowbridge, "Little Dandelion's Grief" by Clarence Cook, and "How Quereus Alba went to explore the Underworld" will especially captivate its juvenile readers.

Our Schoolday Visitor continues the "Adventures of Tom Roper" and contains the usual variety of childrens' stories pleasantly illustrated.

RECEIVED.

THE KING'S LILLY AND ROSEBUD. By Mrs. Anna M. Diaz. With illustrations by W. L. Sheppard. 144 pages. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

TOO TRUE. A Story of To-day. 295 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam and Son, 661 Broadway.

Plymouth Pulpit. No. 5, Sermon by H. W. Becker. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell and Gay.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

ART.

BOSTON, Oct. 3d, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I WILL ask the favor of you to republish the accompanying art criticism, not so much for any profundity of merit it may have as a critique, but because of my desire to make widely known the name and genius of the young artist whose talents I have here endeavored to set forth.

Very truly yours,
JOHN T. SARGENT.

MARTIN MILMORE, THE SCULPTOR ARTIST.

To the Editor of The Boston Journal:

WE have before taken occasion to represent the superior merits of this young artist, giving him the first rank among American scuptors; and having more recently revisited his studio, and seen such works as are there, and having studied critically several which have gone thence, we still adhere to our first judgment, that in this branch of art he is without a peer among us.

His bust of Charles Sumner has that supreme merit of being not only perfect, as a likeness, but is so elevated and happily idealized, as a grand presentment of the Massachusetts Senator, as to seem colossal. The same may be said of his bust of Wendell Phillips, more recently finished. It speaks most impressively of the great orator, the friend of humanity, the eloquent advocate of equal rights and of absolute justice, and is the finest thing of the kind we have ever seen. Indeed, the great charm of Milmore's works is that he throws his sympathies warmly into them. I would instance here the bronze figure of the soldier musing o'er the graves of his comrades, which stood for a while before admiring crowds in front of our "City Hall," but is now transferred to its position at the "Forest Hills Cemetery," How pathetically it appealed to the popular sympathies! How admirable the pose of the figure! And what a fine pathos in the attitude—with what correctness in all the details and accessories! The same may be said of another figure now at his room, the "Volunteer" soldier, standing eight feet above its pedestal, and soon to be cast in bronze for Woburn, where it is to be placed. It is a fine, masterly work, whether we consider the grace, energy and dignity of the figure, or the character and beauty of the facial expression. It represents a young soldier in fatigue dress, with his gun at rest in an attitude of manly resolution. It is by such works that the fitness of Martin Milmore is shown above all others for the furnishing of our public squares with dignified and appropriate statuary. His fine emblematic figures in granite, of colossal proportions, representing "Ceres," "Flora" and "Pomona," which surmount our "Horticultural Hall" on Tremont street, show clearly enough what his capacity is in that direction, and are indicative of a fine, correct, classical taste in the artist. They are in fine harmony with the building they adorn, and of admirable effect both in material and proportions. And this leads me to speak of the importance of having right and dignified presentations of statuary on our public squares and thoroughfares if we have any at all. It is hardly possible to overestimate the moral effect of such impersonations of the great and good, whether living or dead. But, unfortunately, in this good city of Boston, we have but little to boast of so far as our public exhibitions of *high art* are concerned. We have too many petrified caricatures and abominations on our public squares, which, if they serve no other purpose, may at least *point a moral* of precaution, while they seem to say to other adventurous artists who gaze on them, "*Go ye, but do not likewise.*" Look, for instance, at the statue of Horace Mann, in front of our State House, so smothered and overloaded with superfluous drapery that he seems for all the world as if he had rushed out of bed with all the sheets round him. Daniel Webster, on the left of him, clad in a bad suit of clothes and holding in his left hand a bundle of sticks, intended to represent the classic fasces, while the blessed Union, which they are intended to typify, seems in danger of being blown up by something vastly like a pistol in his left hand. Then take a walk down Beacon street as far as our Public Garden, and gaze with awe upon the statue of Edward Everett, which will most certainly immortalize the frock coat he has on if nothing else. The upraised arm and hand of this bronze abortion is intended to say—*this* was the great orator of Massachusetts, but *seems* rather expressive of astonishment at sight of the *Bridge of Size* in front of him! Go a few steps further to the west of this garden and you may see, on the adjoining park, a figure of Alexander Hamiliton, with about as much grace and expression as idle boys sometimes make out of putty or dough. I might pursue this criticism in regard to other and similar poor specimens of statuary elsewhere in our city, had I time and space, but it may suffice to say that with the exception of a fair statue of Benjamin Franklin in front of our City Hall, and the few works of Milmore, I know of scarce any work worthy of the place it occupies. We need, then, such artists as Martin Milmore to save the credit of American art; and we conclude by inviting our readers to visit his studio, at No. 51 Studio Building, where they will see, among other fine works, excellent busts of Prof. Ticknor, Senator Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Mayor Lewis of Roxbury, Messrs. Rich, Whitmore, Fisher, Gen. Thayer and others. J. T. S.

The Suffolk County (Mass.) *Journal* gives a very commendatory notice of Mr. Prang's latest and best chromo—Bierstadt's *Sunset*—and adds:

"We are much pleased to observe evidences of the success of Mr. Prang, in a business point of view, in the spacious new building that he is erecting in this vicinity. He is doing a good work for American taste, and deserves the best wishes for his prosperity in it. We hear the strongest commendation of his chromos from appreciative lovers of art. A lady who has visited all the galleries of Europe, has herself written much upon art, and is recognized as authority upon its works, gives it to us as her judgment that Prang's chromo of Correggio's Magdalen gives a truer idea of the original than almost any copy in oils that she has ever seen. His cattle-pieces, also, are some of them not much behind this in excellence."

Our American sculptor, Story, has just finished, in Rome, a fine bust of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

DRAMATIC.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS gave her first reading in America at Steinway Hall on Monday evening last, to a large, intelligent and critical audience. Her selections were from *As You Like It, Rosalind; Lady Macbeth; Death of Constance De Beverly*, from Scott's *Marmion*; Tennyson's *May Queen*; and the *Courtship of Henry V.* Favorably known here through an established English reputation, and announced as a descendant of the distinguished Mrs. Siddons of olden time, much was expected of her; and with the remembrance of Mrs. Kemble fresh in the minds of most of her auditors, her very cordial and enthusiastic reception under such circumstances made her *debut* on Monday evening a decided success. She is very prepossessing in person and manner, has a pleasant and penetrating voice, a clear and easy elocution. Her representation of *Rosalind* was all that could be desired. Her reading of the *May Queen* was the most delicate and complete interpretation of that beautiful poem to which we have ever listened. Her rendering of *Lady Macbeth*, though less powerful than Mrs. Kemble's, was very impressive. It is seldom that so true an artist is introduced to the New York public. Mrs. Siddons combines, with a rare womanly gracefulness of manner, ripe culture and marked histrionic ability. She will give additional readings this (Wednesday) evening, Thursday evening, and at a Saturday matinee, two o'clock p.m.

Special Notices.

PREMIUMS.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

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Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

MR. EDWARD M. DAVIS, No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia, consents, for a time, to act as General Agent of the Pennsylvanh State Anti-Slavery Society; and to receive and forward, from Philadelphia and vicinity, subscriptions, and advertisements for THE STANDARD.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

A National Woman's Suffrage Convention will be held at Washington, D. C., on the 19th and 20th of January next.

All Societies composed of Women, and all Associations friendly to Women's Rights', are invited to send delegates. All friends of the cause are invited to attend and take part.

Contributions in aid of the work may be sent to Wm. Hutchinson, Treasurer, Box 50, City Post-Office, or to Dr. Daniel Breed, Communications may be addressed to Prof. J. K. H. Wilcox, Chairman Committee of Arangements, Ebbitt House.

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Respectfully, GILBERT PRATT.

Any one who can beat this (and we think many can), will please address. MESSRS. WHEELER & WILSON,
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Miscellaneous Department.

THE "JUVENIS ADORANS"

THIS antique statue—A Youth Worshipping—was dug up from the Tiber in the pontificate of Clement XI. It was presented by that Pope to Prince Eugene of Savoy. From him it passed into the possession of Prince Lichtenstein. Frederick II. bought it at the sale of the Prince's effects for ten thousand thalers, and placed it in his palace at Potsdam. It is now one of the chief ornaments of the Sculpture Gallery at Berlin. The subject was a favorite one among the old Greek sculptors.

[The signature, "N. L. F.," at the bottom of these lines, from the Monthly Magazine, plainly indicates the authorship. We venture to express the hope, that we may yet see gathered in one volume the numerous fine poetical pieces which Dr. Frothingham has given to various periodicals. There are many additional ones probably in hand, which have not yet met the public eye. The brief history of the "Juvenis Adorans," given in the introduction to the lines, is quite necessary to understand their meaning and beauty.]

Tiber's yellow flood
Darkest tales can tell,
Where the Mightiest stood,
How the Haughtiest fell.

Tiber's sedgy banks
Rustle with the Past;
Ah, Rome's glittering ranks
Shrunk to this at last!

Tiber's muddy bed!
Beneath thy burial-lid—
If true what men have said—
Treasures of spoil lie hid.

And we were truly told,
From those foul deeps they raise
A form of vigorous mould;
And, behold! he prays.

Not crouchingly he stands,
Not kneeling as in dread,
Not clasped his eager hands,
Not bowed his noble head;

His gaze is on the sky,
As if his trust were there;
His arms stretched wide and high,
As if his Thanks were Prayer.

So at the Easter-tide,*
The churches rose and stood;
Throwing all stoop aside,
And every mournful mood.

O Genius of new days!
Hail from thine ancient tomb!
Now let thy Spirit's blaze
Chase off the Old World's gloom.

Bright one! Thine influence pour
On man, so prone and sad;
And teach him how to adore,
And to be free and glad.

N. L. F.

*The usual posture of prayer, in the early Christian assemblies on the Lord's day, was that of standing; because that day was a holiday, the Festival of the Resurrection. But from Easter to Pentecost it was positively forbidden to assume any other attitude in public devotions.

Boston Transcript.

THE TSETSE FLY.

WHO would suppose that one of the causes which render the centre of Africa difficult to be explored is a fly, not larger than the house-fly? The Tsetse fly (*Glossina-morsitans*) is of brown color, with a few transverse yellow stripes across the abdomen, and with wings longer than its body. It is not dangerous to man, to any wild animals, or to the pig, the mule, the ass or the goat. But it stings mortally the ox, the horse, the sheep and the dog, and renders the countries of Central Africa uninhabitable for those valuable animals. It seems to possess very sharp sight. "It darts from the top of a bush as quick as an arrow on the object it wishes to attack," writes a traveller, M. de Costelnau.

The *Glossina-morsitans* abounds on the banks of the African river, the Zambesi, frequenting the bushes and reeds that border it. It likes, indeed, all aquatic situations. The African cattle recognize at great distances the buzzing of this sanguinary enemy, and this fatal sound causes them to feel the greatest fear.

Livingstone, the celebrated traveller, in crossing those regions of Africa that are watered by the Zambesi, lost forty-three magnificent oxen by the bites of the Tsetse fly, and had been very little bitten. He says—

"A most remarkable feature in the bite of the Tsetse is its perfect harmlessness in man and wild animals, and, even calves as long as they continue to suck the cows. We never experienced the slightest injury from them ourselves, personally, although we lived two months in their habital, which was in this case as sharply defined as in many others, for the south bank of the Chobe was infested by them, and the northern bank, where our cattle were placed, only fifty yards distant, contained not a single specimen. This was the more remarkable, as we often saw natives carrying over raw meat to the opposite bank with many Tsetse settled on it.

"The poison does not seem to be injected by a sting, or by ova placed beneath the skin, for, when one is allowed to feed freely on the hand, it is seen to insert the middle prong of three portions, into which the proboscis divides, somewhat deeply, into the true skin. It then draws it out a little way, and it assumes a crimson color, as the mandibles come into brisk operation. The previously shrunken belly swells out, and, if left undisturbed, the fly quietly departs when it is full. A slight itching irritation follows, but not more than in the bite of a mosquito. In the ox this same bite produces no more immediate effects than in man. It does not startle him as the Gad-fly does; but a few days afterwards the following symptoms supervene: the eye and nose begin to run, the coat stares as if the animal were cold, a swelling appears under the jaw, and sometimes at the navel; and, though the animal continues to graze, emaciation commences, accompanied with a peculiar flaccidity of the muscles, and this proceeds unchecked until, perhaps months afterwards, purging comes on, and the animal, no longer able to graze, perishes in a state of extreme exhaustion. Those which are in good condition often perish, soon after the bite is inflicted, with staggering and blindness, as if the brain were affected by it. Sudden changes of temperature produced by falls of rain seem to hasten the progress of the complaint; but in general the emaciation goes on uninteruptedly for months, and do what we will, the poor animals perish miserably.

"The mule, ass and goat enjoy the same immunity from the Tsetse as man and the game. Many large tribes on the Zambesi can keep no domestic animals except the goat, in consequence of the scourge existing in their country. Our children were frequently bitten, yet suffered no harm; and we saw around us numbers of zebras, buffaloes, pigs, pallahs, and other antelopes, feeding quietly in the very habital of the Tsetse, yet as undisturbed by its bite as oxen are when they first receive the fatal poison. There is not so much difference in the natures of the horse and zebra, the buffalo and ox, the sheep and the antelope, as to afford any satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon. Is a man not so much a domestic animal as a dog?

"The curious feature in the case, that dogs perish though fed on milk, whereas the calves escape so long as they continue sucking, made us imagine that the mischief might be produced by some plant in the locality, and not by Tsetse; but Major Vardon of the Madras army, settled that point by riding a horse up to a small hill infested by the insect, without allowing him time to graze, and though he only remained long enough to take a view of the country, and catch some specimens of Tsetse on the animal, in ten days afterwards the horse was dead."—pp. 72-75.—"*The Insect World: from the French of Louis Figuier.*"

TRADITIONAL CRUELTY.

IN casting a retrospective glance over this long history of cruelty and injustice, [the application of torture to extort confession] it is curious to observe that Christian communities, where the truths of the Gospel were received with unquestioning veneration, systematized the administration of torture with a cold-blooded ferocity unknown to the legislation of the heathen nations whence they derived it. The careful restrictions and safeguards, with which the Roman jurisprudence sought to protect the interests of the accused, contrast strangely with the reckless disregard of every principle of justice which sullies the criminal procedure of Europe from the 13th almost to the 19th century. From this no race or religion was exempt. What the Calvinist suffered in Flanders he inflicted in Scotland; what the Catholic enforced in Italy he endured in England; nor did either of them deem that he was forfeiting his share in the Divine Evangel of peace on earth and good will to men.

The mysteries of the human conscience and of human motives are well-nigh inscrutable, and it may seem shocking to assert that these centuries of unmitigated wrong are directly traceable to that religion of which the second great commandment was that man should love his neighbor as himself. Yet so it was. The first commandment, to love God with all our heart, when perverted by superstition, gave a strange direction, to the teachings of Christ. For ages, the assumptions of an infallible church had led men to believe that the interpreter was superior to Scripture. Every expounder of the holy text felt in his inmost heart that he alone, with his fellows, worshipped God as God desired to be worshipped, and that every ritual but his own was an insult to the Divine nature. Outside of his own communion there was no escape from eternal perdition, and the fervor of religious conviction thus made persecution a duty to God and man. This led the Inquisition, as we have seen, to perfect a system of which the iniquity was complete. Thus commended, that system became part and parcel of secular law, and when the Reformation arose, the habits of thought which ages had consolidated were universal. The boldest Reformers who shook off the yoke of Rome, as soon as they had attained power, had as little scruple as Rome itself in rendering obligatory their interpretation of divine truth, and in applying to secular as well as to religious affairs the cruel maxims in which they had been educated.—*Superstition and Force.*

STAND LIKE AN ANVIL.

THE MESSAGE OF IGNATIUS TO POLYCARP.

"*Stand like an anvil,*" when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"*Stand like an anvil,*" when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks,
Where malice proves its want of power.

"*Stand like an anvil,*" when the bar
Lies, red and glowing, on its breast,
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

"*Stand like an anvil,*" when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear;
Thine, but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

"*Stand like an anvil,*" noise and heat
Are born of earth and die with time;
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

BISHOP DOANE.

BISMARCK'S OPINION OF HIMSELF.

COUNT BISMARCK, in a recent letter addressed to a land-owner in Pomerania, makes some curious avowals in regard to his political character and career. He says that in his opinion he is "not sufficiently unscrupulous as a statesman, but rather too timid, and that this is because it is not easy always to attain in political questions that clearness which gives confidence. Those," he adds, "who call me an unconscientious politician, do me wrong. They should try their own consciences on the field of politics before accusing others of being unconscientous." Probably this will have to be added to the singular list of self-drawn characters of distinguished men. Warren Hastings, it will be remembered, instead of acknowledging the charges of rapacity preferred against his rule in India, when he recalled all the temptations that then beset his sudden and almost irresponsible power, declared that he stood aghast at his own moderation. But there is a measure of truth in what Bismarck says as to some critics trying their own consciences on the field of politics before they condemn others. They would find therein different points of view from any known to them before, new considerations would arise, new inducements and dissuasives, altering entirely the complexion of questions of practical duty. The great statesman in some respects has a hard lot. He has often to act from data which cannot be made public, while his course is judged instantly and relentlessly. Time however, generally settles his position fairly in the end, if he can only afford to wait.

But Count Bismarck's assertion that he is rather "too timid" for public life is highly amusing, though it may be his own honest notion after all. The poet Wordsworth always thought his political ideas contained his true merit as a man. Theodore Parker thought he hadn't harshness enough in his composition for a controversialist, exhortation being his true forte. John Ruskin, who writes the most admirable art criticisms of the day, will persist in making the most wretched attempts at elucidating the problems of political economy. And so the world goes on. The timid Bismarck has unconsciously perpetrated a pleasant joke. We think better of him for his opinion of himself, though we don't think it is correct.

ABOUT SEALS.

"YOUR 'Seal' letter was very captivating; no doubt yours was the common seal, of the species we saw in the Aquarial Gardens—as the color *varies much*—generally brownish above and yellowish white below, variously mottled, and sometimes pied and marbled. It is common in the European seas of the northern countries, and is often seen along the coast of New Brunswick in summer. It is common all along the New England shores. The Micmac Indians prize highly its handsome fur. It is called the harbor seal. Cubur named its family *Callocephalus*, on account of the fine shape and large size of the cranium, and the shortness of its face; the brain is nearly as large as that of the most intelligent monkey's.

"The Esquimaux hunt them in light boats, with lances, or spear them at holes in the ice where they come up to breathe. The seal supplies to the Esquimaux food, oil for light and warmth, skins for clothes, boots, utensils, tents and boats, sinews for threads and lines, and membranes for under-garments and window coverings; it is to them as important as sheep and cattle are to us, the reindeer to the Laplander, or the palm to the Pacific islander. As Dr. Hamilton says: 'The sea is their cornfield, and the seal fishery their most copious harvest,' and to reap this are directed all their education and energies. Millions of skins have been used in Europe and in this country, and thousands of tons of shipping are employed in their capture.

"It is fitted for swimming very remarkably; has a round head—'no *crests*' for eyebrows, jaws, etc. Its fur is sleek and oily. It has to defend itself from many enemies—bears, sharks and men. Their senses of smelling, sight and hearing are acute. Their *whiskers* are very sensitive. They seem to be found under some of the numerous seal species from pole to pole—from Greenland to Patagonia—from the Orkneys to Kamschatka—in Caspian Sea. There are sea-lions, sea-bears, sea-elephants, sea-hares, hooded-seals, monk-seals, sea-leopards, gray seals, harp seals, bearded seals, etc., etc. Seals have been known from the earliest antiquity, and given rise to stories of mermaids and tritons, and all the sirens, mermen, nereids, and other attendants of Neptune in mythology. They seem to have a natural confidence in man which he shamefully abuses. They are very tenacious of life.

"All this account of seals I hope you will like. It is compiled from E.'s invaluable Cyclopedia. They eat fish, shell-fish, crabs, etc., and have a way of closing their noses under water. You must have remembered that thrilling story of 'The Raft no Man Made,' by Lowell's brother—and 'The swiles a baulin and a baulin.'"

ODE TO YOUTH.

From the Polish of Adam Mickiewicz.

O PEOPLES, heartless, soulless, skeletons!
O Youth! give me thy wings,
That I may mount aloft from this dead earth,
And soar to where Enthusiasm flings
Its light on nobler things,
Waking new blossoms of most wondrous worth,
And blessing Hope with dreams of her belov'd ones.

For him whose sight is nigh eclipsed by age,
Whose wrinkled brow is bowed unto the ground—
Be his pale vision's bound
The scant horizon of a measured page!

But Youth! thy vigorous sight
Should leap beyond the earth and sunlike wend
Through the path of life, from height to height,
From end to end.

Look down!—on yonder chaos whose dark girth
Is wrapped in sluggishness as in a fog;
It is the earth.

Lo where on that dead ocean, like a log,
Floats some strange reptile shell'd in shapeless rind,
Itself its ship, its pilot, and its helm,
Feeding on what less reptiles it can find,
Now on the wave-top, now deep in the whelm,
All heedless of the unheeding tempest's shock.
Now bubble-like it bursts against a rock.
And no one of its life or burial wist.
It is the egotist.

Youth! the nectar of my life,
Is only sweet when it is shared with others.
Let friendship's golden thread enlink you, brothers!
And heaven joys shall in your heart be rife.

Together, then, young friends!
Each one is happy in united ends
And strong, and in enthusiasm wise.
Together, then, young friends!
Nor is he hapless who nears not the aim.
Enthusiasm leading him, he dies,
In mid career struck down; his brethren rise
O'er him, as on a stair, toward eternal fame.

Together, then, young friends!
Though steep and slippery be the path,
Though Violence or Weakness you prevent;
Let Wrath be vanquished by diviner Wrath,
And wrestle in youth with Weakness—till her charms be spent.

Who could with baby hands the serpents quell
Can grapple with the centaur in his prime,
Will bring back victims from the throat of Hell
And reach at last to heaven's wreath sublime.
So reach thou far beyond the grasp of sight!
Burst through what thy mere reason cannot pierce!
Youth! be thy soaring like the eagle's flight;
Thy arm a thunderbolt, so swift and fierce.

Hurrah! foot set to foot, with mighty bands
Our arms shall bind the sphere.
Our thoughts concentre here;
Our souls one will commands.
We'll tear this lump of earth from its deep base,
And push the sluggard on a newer track,
Rend off its mouldy rind, and give it back
Its spring of life, fresh as our youthful grace.

Over dark chaos and the void of eld,
Confusion with confusion wildly blent,
God's Word forth went;
And lo, the worlds appeared in space upheld.
Shouted the hurricane, the waters leap'd
And myriad stars the heaven's in splendor steep'd.
So in the nations' hearts is darkness now—
Will, like the elements, with will contending;
But the divinity of Youth its brow
Uplifts, and lo, the agony is ending.
The new world issues from the gloom,
With Love henceforth upon its bright path wending,
And by Love's power upheld through the eternal doom.

Light driveth down the sky the cloudy rack
Of error; feeling bursts its icy bar.
Welcome, thrice welcome, Freedom's Morning Star!
The Saviour Sun close follows on thy track.

W. J. LINTON.

A WHALE HUNT.

A LINE of boats, cresent-shaped in order to inclose the shoal, was now little more than a quarter of a mile distant from the beach. The bottle-nosed or ca'-ing whales, showing their snouts or dorsal fins at intervals, seemed to advance slowly, throwing out skirmishers and cautiously feeling their way. As the beach was smooth and sandy with a gentle slope, the boatmen in pursuit were endeavoring to drive the shoal into the shallows, where harpoons, oars, hayforks, and other weapons could be used with advantage against the floundering foe. The excitement of the spectators on land increased as the long line of the sea monsters, steadily advancing, drew closer inshore. From the boats following close behind them came wafted over the water the sound of beating pitchers and rattling rowlocks, and the hoarse chorus of shouting voices that swelled into the prolonged—"O—O—O" familiar in popular seasongs. This Babel of noises, which the water mellowed into a wild war-chant, with cymbal accompaniment, was meant to scare the shoal and hasten the stranding of the whales. But an incident occurred that changed the promising aspect of affairs, turned the tide of battle, and gave new splendor and new animation to the scene. Eager to participate in the expected slaughter, two or three farm lads, whose movements had escaped notice, suddenly shot off from shore in a skiff, rowing right in front of the advancing line. The glitter and splash of oars alarmed the leaders, and the entire shoal, seized with a sudden panic, wheeled simultaneously round with a rapid rush, and dashed at headlong speed into the line of pursuing boats. A shout arose from the shore as the momentary flash of fin-tails, the heaving of the boats, and the rapid strokes of the boatmen showed all too plainly the escape of the whales and the success of their victorious charge. Away beyond the broken line of the fleet they plunged in wild stampede. The boats pursued the shoal, and succeeded in enclosing a portion of them in a beautiful and secluded bay, and by dint of shouting and other noises they drove the whales into the shallows where they lay, helpless, floundering victims. Fast and furious the boatmen struck and stabbed to right and left, while the people on the shore, forming an auxiliary force, dashed down to assist in the massacre, wielding all sorts of weapons from roasting spits to forks. The poor wounded monsters lashed about with their tails, imperilling life and limb, and the ruddy hue of the water along the stretch of shore soon indicated the extent of the carnage. The whales that had received their death stroke emitted shrill cries, accompanied with a strange snorting and humming noise, which has not inaptly been compared to the distant sound of military drums, pierced by the sharp piping of pipes. Some of the larger whales displayed great tenacity of life, and survived repeated strokes and stabs; but the unequal conflict closed at last, and no fewer than a hundred and seventy carcasses were dragged up the beach.—*Summers and Winters in the Orkneys by Daniel Gorrie.*

PRINTING ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.—An extraordinary discovery has been made of a press in India. When Warren Hastings was Governor-General of India, he observed that in the district of Benares, a little below the surface of the earth, is to be found a stratum of a kind of fibrous woolly substance of various thicknesses, in horizontal layers. Major Roebuck, informed of this, went out to a spot where an excavation had been made displaying this most singular phenomenon. In digging somewhat deeper for the purpose of further research, they laid open a vault, which on further examination, proved to be of some size, and to their astonishment they found a kind of printing press set up in a vault, and on it movable types placed as if ready for printing. Every inquiry was set on foot to ascertain the probable period at which such an instrument could have been placed there, for it was evidently not of modern origin, and from all the Major could collect it appeared probable that the press had remained in a state in which it was found for at least one thousand years. We believe the worthy Major, on his return to England, presented one of the learned associations with a memoir containing many curious speculations on the subject. Paper we know to have been manufactured in the East many centuries before we had any knowledge of it, and we have many reasons to think that the Chinese had been acquainted with the mode of printing they now employ, many years before Faust and Guttenburg invented it in Europe. It certainly does no credit to the inventive genius of the Romans to know that, while they approached so near as to engrave in a style not to be equalled in the present age on gems and stones, and of course the taking of impressions of them, they should have remained ignorant of the art which has bestowed so many blessings on mankind.—*Exchange.*

WHAT THE MINUTES SAY.

"WE are but minutes, little things,
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

"We are but minutes: each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares;
Take patiently the minutes of pain,
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

"We are but minutes: when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while yet we may,
It takes but a minute to fly away.

"We are but minutes: use us well,
For how we are used we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes has hours to use;
Who loses minutes whole years must lose."

Sailors' Magazine.

QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHINGS.—About one English coin there exists a very singular delusion—Queen Anne's farthing. Often and often have the officers of the British Museum received letters asking whether, as the writer was in possession of the third of the farthings, of which the Museum had the other two, he was not entitled to the £1,000 or so; and grievous no doubt has been his disappointment at being told that his fancied treasure might possibly be worth some four or five shillings. How the delusion ever originated it is impossible to say; but one account tells us that a lady in Yorkshire, having lost one of these farthings, which she valued as the bequest of a dear friend, offered a very large sum for its recovery, and this gave rise to a false impression of the value of any specimen. It is commonly believed that only three examples of the farthings were struck off, because it was found there was a flaw near the bridge of the Queen's nose; another account says that the die broke in two. There are really no less than five or six different patterns of the farthing, but most of them were struck for approval only, and never issued. The genuine farthing has the inscription, "*Anna Dei gratia,*" surrounding the Queen's bust; on the reverse the figure of, and the inscription "Britannia." It is dated 1714. Another, which was also perhaps in circulation, exactly resembles the one just mentioned, but has the date, 1713. They have broad milled edges, like the farthings of George III. Of the patterns, the rarest seems to be one like the genuine farthing, but with the inscription "*Anna Regina.*" In 1823 there was a trial at Dublin about a Queen Anne's farthing, which it was stated had actually been sold for £800.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"NOW I LAY"—Say it darling;
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head dropped low;
"I pray the Lord"—I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

O, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry.

HELP and give willingly, when you have anything, and think not the more of yourself; and if you have nothing, keep the cup of cold water always at hand, and think not less of yourself.

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OF THE
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PARIS, September 9th, 1868.

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Commissioner General of the International Exposition, President of the Conference.

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EDITED BY S. H. MORSE & J. B. MARVIN.

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MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD, in a letter accompanying a remittance for THE STANDARD, writes as follows:

WAYLAND, MASS., Feb. 1, 1868.

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